

# THE UNIVERSALIST

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### Inhumane Speech.

Original.

WHEN the Savior paused at the view of the man who had been blind from his birth, his disciples said to him, 'Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?' The question of the disciples it would seem alludes to the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, for they enquire, did this man sin that he was born blind? which sin certainly must have been supposed to have been committed in a pre-existent state; they asked if he had not committed sin while in another body, for which he was then punished with blindness; or had his parents been sinful that thus they were plagued in their offspring as a just punishment?

These to us seem fanciful questions, and the doctrine of the transmigration of souls is numbered with the absurd follies of the past. But a kindred spirit to this is abroad in our world, prompting like enquiries to that of the disciples—did this man's parents sin that he was born blind? There are many, who when they behold several members of a family afflicted with some grievous infirmity which they inherited with their birth, are led to seek out some cause for the affliction that will mark it as a judgment of God for the sins of the parents. By such persons we have been told, that the cause of five children in a certain family being deaf and dumb was, that in an hour of thoughtlessness, the father while a youth, invoked heaven, that if he was to be made a parent his children might be deaf and dumb, for he liked not the noise of crying infants; and soberly it is said, that as a judgment of God upon him his children were doomed to be deaf and dumb.

In the hour of sober reflection, such expressions appear fanciful, aye, too foolish to notice; but no cause of human misery is too insignificant

to be noticed; rather should the smallest be investigated, and proper means used to remove it. The unobserving mind is not aware of the amount of heart-felt sorrow that is occasioned by remarks of a kindred nature with the inquiry of the disciples; this kind of grief is most often secret, for it is only increased by being made known. Imagine to yourself a sensitive mother who has been made the parent of several children who are blind, or deaf and dumb, or idiotic. Is not her task a hard one to bring those children up so that existence may be to them a blessing? And what must be her sensations as she hears others praising certain children, and telling of the sparkling, intelligent, and impressive eye—the sweet voice for music's tones, and the quick ear to catch the notes of melody—and the rapid advance they make in their studies, and the promise they give of attaining to great excellence.

The parent with all a mother's love gazes on her poor sightless boy; he stands perchance by the window and looks toward the beauties of nature, but sees not one of the ten thousand lovely charms of God's handy work; he hears the merry laugh and the jovial cry of children at some beautiful sight, but he cannot see, and smiles not; and his mother weeps as she thinks that perhaps in his mind are thoughts like those of blind Milton when thus he sung—

'Seasons return, but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.'

'Why,' cries the mother when she retires alone, 'why is my dear boy sightless?' And as she thinks upon the question which has burst from



her lips from a full heart, she remembers the tales that busy rumor has sent abroad and which came to her she knows not how. She imagines she hears a voice—a voice of a human being that has a heart to feel if it would for the afflictions of others, and the enquiry made—Did not the parents sin that he is blind? Is not his blindness a retributive judgment on them? And as she ponders these remarks in her heart in solitary meditation, with spirit depressed at the situation of her child, the bitterness of her soul is great; like Job when his pretended friends would make him believe his afflictions were the judgments of the retributive justice of God.

To intimate such things as are implied in the disciples' question, is both foolish and inhumane. It savors of that pride that pretends to know the secret things of the divine mind, and talks wisely on subjects which the human mind cannot comprehend. It degrades God to a level with the erring kings of earth, who visit with terrible punishments a whole household for the small sins of the master, and hides the perfection of justice behind the cloud of wrath. Well did the Savior rebuke the question of his disciples, and his answer deserves the most serious attention of all, especially of those who are not backward to attach supernatural judgments to the afflictions of men, and who cause not a little trouble by their intemperate love of the marvellous.

'Jesus answered, neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents; but that the works of God should be manifest in him.' The sentiment of this reply is suited to convey a good moral lesson at all times; it teaches us that afflictions spring not forth from the dust, neither are they undesigned, but destined to promote some good end.

The works of God were indeed manifested in the man to whom our text refers, and on the record of the whole is stamped the marks of truth. And how many great and good lessons are afforded by the histories of the blind, and the deaf and dumb! How admirably in many instances, do they show us the wonders that can be wrought by perseverance; the beauty of fraternal affection and generosity, and the worth and benevolent power of contentment. Though God may have sealed the eye, hushed the voice, and closed the ear, yet he has not withheld the flowings of affection, nor shut up to them all the avenues to knowledge and joy; there have been those who have exclaimed, 'O happiness of blindness!'

and some of the happiest families of the earth number amongst their members the deaf and dumb.

So firmly persuaded am I that every thing in nature is ordered for the best, that I hesitate not to believe that there is divine wisdom and goodness in the blindness of the blind, the deafness of the deaf, and the dumbness of the dumb. It is sweet to think so; and with such a belief, it is a duty to caution others not to use expressions that intimate that the wrath of God is visible on the sealed eye of the blind. It is cruel to cause the thought to steal into the minds of parents, that the natural imperfections of their children manifest the Deity's revenge, and if they had been less sinful the eye would have been opened, or the ear unstopped and the tongue unloosed.

To show the thoughtlessness, if not the utter want of humanity, of some, in their speech to the unfortunate, we cite a fact that is related by the benevolent superintendent of the N. E. Blind Institution. He says,—'A blind boy of eleven years of age, remarkable for his inquisitive and precocious mind, was coming in a stage-coach to the Institution in Boston. In the coach was an infidel, who amused himself by trying to shake the religious belief which had been carefully instilled into the boy's mind; and cruelly endeavored to destroy his hopes of happiness beyond the grave, by assailing, with all the force of sophistry and ridicule, his faith in a future state. This heartless miscreant, alike insulted and grieved the poor sightless boy, by telling him that his parents ought to be ashamed of teaching him false and superstitious doctrines; and when the boy stoutly affirmed his belief in the existence of a Deity, the blasphemous wretch said, 'Your God must be a wicked God, and very cruel and unjust to you, for he made you blind without any fault of your own!'

Oh shame where is thy blush! Well may we say, 'all are not men that wear the human form.' Detestable, to attempt to tear from a blind boy his faith in the being and providence of a God, and in the happiness of a future existence. Cruel, beyond expression, to make the mind blind to the first great truth, and deprive the unfortunate of the holiest and best consolations. Rather, much rather, would I be the poor blind boy, with his holy hopes and faith, than be the heartless infidel, mentally blind, and dead to the christian's hope. Oh it is a beautiful commentary on the worth of christianity, to witness the calm resignation it imparts to the blind, and the joy it



gives them in the secrecy of the heart. And to us the softest and most solemn tones of the organ come not with such devotional and calming power as the sweet tones of some of the children of blindness—of the sealed eye, when the song of praise was on their lips to the God of light. The unearthly sweetness of their voice seemed to say that they felt that God was near, that he had enlightened their understandings, and made clear the vision of the mind.

Many of the blind have acknowledged that their sweetest thoughts have been concerning the Deity—to think that he was no less kind to them than to others of the open eye—that he had opened sources of calm and satisfying pleasure to them of which the seeing know not, and that he had a wise purpose in causing them to be blind to the light of the outer world. Who knows what might have been the result of their actions if those who are blind had been permitted to see, and who can say that it would have been better for them and the world? Alas! how often man thinks he could do better than God—that he could improve the designs of the Deity, and make a better world! Rather should they learn their own ignorance, and confess with the great lawgiver of Israel—‘He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment; a God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he.’

Boston, Mass.

ARIAN.

#### To an Infant.

Original.

SWEET Rose of beauty! whose unfolding leaves  
Are stamped with heaven's own impress, innocence  
And truth. As o'er thy form the seasons pass  
With varied influence and charms, still may  
They spare thy loveliness, nor ever change  
That purity which nature gave; but thou  
Be winning gifts as years roll on, and still  
Be pure as beautiful—a flower of earth,  
But more of heaven. Ah, I would rather have  
The early frost nip my sweet flower, and mark it  
For the tomb, than see guilt's blight and mildew  
Stain its virgin whiteness, and change the robes  
Its Maker gave of heavenly grace. God bless  
Thy guardians; and give them of that wisdom  
Pure and kind, that e'er will make them care for  
Thee, as never florist watched and nursed  
A gem of earth, but as those parents who  
Do see an angel in the child.

Boston, Mass.

ARIAN.

It is passing strange, that there should be such a discrepancy among mankind in regard to doing good to each other—for every one is striving to overreach his neighbor, instead of rendering him assistance.

#### The Mother's Reply.

Original.

The reader will, perhaps, remember a ‘Letter to a Young Lady,’ inserted in the November number of the Repository, page 229. To that letter I have received the following reply from the mother (in the absence of the father) of the young lady to whom it was addressed. I deem it worthy of publication; for its contents are such as do honor to the heart and the mind of an intelligent christian mother. Should these lines meet the eye of my respected correspondent, she will please pardon the liberty I have taken with a production, which she undoubtedly penned without the most remote suspicion that it would ever be presented to the public. I am induced to give it publicity, from the hope that it may benefit other parents whose circumstances may be similar to her own.

Nov. 20, 1837.

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of the 13th ult. addressed to my daughter, was received in the regular course of mail; but as she was on the eve of departure for the South, to attend the wedding of our eldest son, she could not have answered it, had she been thus inclined. As her return is uncertain, I have conceived it my duty to manifest our gratitude to you, for the kind interest you have evinced in our domestic circle. Would that I could inform you, those endeavors were successful! But I much fear that the noisome seeds of ‘orthodoxy’ (planted in the bosom of my children by a designing few who called themselves *friends*) will not be eradicated during our brief sojourn. It shall, however, be my unremitting care, to place before them, the principles of Universalism, in such a light, both by *precept* and *practice*, that they will be constrained to respect them. All there is left for us to hope, is that their love towards us will remain undiminished.

In our case it is very difficult to perform our duty satisfactorily. Experience teaches us that opposition to any avowed religious belief, that has its foundation in *fear*, or *weakness*, or *obstinacy*, will only draw the bonds still tighter. And on the contrary, by observing silence on the subject, the errorist has little chance of amendment. The latter course has been the one hitherto generally pursued by me without any beneficial effect. And the former is equally or still more hopeless; because attached to that, is the idea of religious persecution,—the remote



suspicion of which, is the fruitful source of hatred, strife and animosity, and well calculated to dissolve the tenderest ties of nature. We have proof of this from the history of past ages, and from present observation. As I feel that our pilgrimage here is not always to be on beds of flowers, but that a few thorns must occasionally remind us, that unalloyed bliss is not the portion allotted to humanity, I will endeavor to submit to the privations of my lot. In contemplating the many blessings and privileges I enjoy, I perceive it an imperious duty to yield without repining to those wise yet painful dispensations, over which I can exercise no control, but which ultimately under superintending Goodness, may result in benefit. My confidence in God's government, intended by divine love to eventuate in happiness to the creature, is so firmly founded, that I believe what in blindness we may oppose as destructive to our peace, will in the end be manifold blessings, which have been concealed from us, for some wise and beneficial purpose.

Light and knowledge are fast gaining ground in every direction. I am of the opinion that in a few years, the intolerant hypocritical bigotry of ages, will be laid prostrate, and man, in the magnitude and strength of his reason, will break the iron bonds of superstition and fear, by which he has so long been kept in bondage, and assuming the inalienable prerogative of that image in which he was created, assert and exercise the right of judging and deciding for himself upon that most important of all subjects, religion. Then truth must and will have the ascendancy over deception and falsehood!

Since your pleasant visit to our city, I have had a brief call from the celebrated Mr. Wolfe.\* He is not only learned in scholastic lore and in a knowledge of the world, but he is a man of fine philanthropic feelings. He inquired respecting my religious faith. On answering his question, he requested me to inform him what were its characteristics. I endeavored to enlighten him in this respect; and, for the first time, I believe, he heard the doctrine of God's

\* This Mr. Wolfe is the far-famed traveller and missionary. He is a converted Jew, and was educated in the Propaganda at Rome. In his travels he has visited the greater proportion of the eastern world—penetrating even to the Himmaleh mountains and the borders of China. The authoress of this letter is also of Jewish descent. Her father was born and educated an Israelite, but was cut off from his people, in consequence of marrying a lady who was a believer in christianity. He eventually became a devoted and zealous Universalist.

impartial love explained. He was so much interested as to request some work on the subject. I presented him the discussion between Messrs. Thomas and Ely. He has promised me another visit, if he should return to our city. His orthodoxy is very much doubted by his friends. If I might judge from a discourse I heard him deliver, he is anything rather than a believer in endless punishment; but that he is a very good man, all must concede.

Our pastor, Br. ——— for several Sunday evenings past, has been drawing immensely crowded houses, by preaching from those texts which our opposers conceive to be the strong holds of their faith. He unravels them with perfect ease, much to the gratification of his friends, and I hope, to the conviction of those who are yet groping in the darkness of error.

And now permit me in Mr. ———'s name, as well as my own, to express our warmest gratitude for your kind effort to draw one of our flock into the fold.

When you see Rev. Mr. P—— remember us to him with much kind feeling, also to your own little family. If Mr. ——— were here he would join me in good wishes, but as he is absent, I must be his organ. Permit me to subscribe myself  
Your friend, \*\*\*\*\*

There are several thoughts suggested in the above letter, which are worthy of consideration. Many mothers there are, undoubtedly, whose circumstances are similar to those of the writer of the letter. The fascinations of fashion and popularity, sometimes allure young people to disregard the precepts and the sentiments of their parents,—especially if they are unpopular—and embrace the grossest errors, if they are tinselled over by the smiles and favors of the wealthy and proud. It is a melancholy fact, that many young minds seem willing to sacrifice truth and principle, rather than give countenance to any sentiment, however self-evident and valuable, that the heedless, bigoted multitude condemn. It is useless to reason with those who are swayed by such dishonorable motives: because it is not their *reason* that has led them astray, but those weakest of all human feelings, their *vanity* and *pride*! Parents who have children in these unhappy circumstances, will find salutary admonition in the letter above. Like this mother, let them place before their children, by kind, gentle *precept*, and by a circumspect



*practice and example*, the principles and the influence of the religion of Universal Love—let their whole conduct be characterized by the promptings of this religion. This will be the strongest argument they can use—the result must be trusted to God.

The same remarks will apply to those far more frequent cases, where young people have obtained the light and liberty of the gospel of impartial salvation, but who have unbelieving parents. Circumstances of this character present a most favorable opportunity to exhibit the excellencies of our faith. While the parents are, perhaps exhibiting the moroseness, the selfishness and bigotry of a partial creed, how striking and beautiful the contrast, to behold the youthful offspring, manifesting that kindness and gentleness, that sweetness and evenness of disposition, that universal charity, that unfailing forgiveness, that openness to conviction, if wrong, and that willingness to hear the advocates of every sentiment, which are the prominent characteristics of the doctrine of 'the Restitution.' Children in these cases, should pity the condition of their parents, rather than condemn them too severely—they should not ridicule or speak harshly of their sentiments, but converse upon the points of difference, with the utmost tenderness for their feelings and with unfailing good nature and pleasantness. Believe me, such a course will be prolific in good fruits.

When parents who have children just arriving at years of discretion, reside in some place where they are not favored with the preached word of impartial love, as did the authoress of the above letter in former years, it is difficult to distinguish their duty clearly. It does not seem proper to keep their children constantly from such meeting as the place may afford; and yet if they attend, they will be liable to imbibe dark and dangerous errors. The better way would seem to be, to allow them to attend generally such meetings as is convenient—they must at least, obtain in this way, some good. When they return, they should repeat the substance of the discourse to which they have listened, and the parents should point out its erroneous features, and show its unscriptural characteristics. By pursuing this course, and by constantly impressing the leading principles of gospel truth upon their minds, and still more especially, by furnishing them with books and periodicals devoted to the circulation of the principles of Universal salvation, they may be brought up with

safety, even when deprived of the high privilege of attending the stated ministration of that soul-cheering sentiment.

J. M. AUSTIN.

*Danvers, Mass.*

#### Address to Death.

Original.

GRIM spectre of dismay!  
Thou giant child of fear!  
When life in ruin lies, thy day  
Arises bright and clear.

Say! whither hast thou trod,  
And whither dost thou tread,  
With step unmarked by wo and blood—  
To grief and gloom unwed?

Where is thy dwelling, Death,  
But where no joy is known?  
What is thy kingdom but its breath,  
What but decay, thy throne?

I've seen the fair and wise  
Scourged by thy fatal rod!  
Thou mak'st the great and good thy prize—  
Subduing with a nod.

When seas are torn with rage—  
When tempests vent their wrath,  
Fate reads for thee its bloody page,  
And wider grows thy path.

What are disease and pain,  
But servants of thy will?  
Wherever war and passion reign,  
Thy purpose they fulfill.

Thine is the deadly power,  
Which acts but to destroy!  
Thou crown'st with grief the little hour  
Of human peace and joy.

Yet, boast no conquest, Death!  
With Time thy kingdom lies!  
And where will be thy kingly wreath,  
When Time, thy birthright, dies?

Thy regal crown is dim—  
Thy clouds of darkness flee—  
Man waits thy fall to lift his hymn  
Of triumph over thee!

Thy throne is shaken now—  
Jesus thy prison burst—  
And faith discerns the brightening bow,  
Which tells thy gloom's dispersed.

Thou art not victor, Death!  
Soon shall thy power decay!  
As man now withers at thy breath,  
So shalt thou pass away!

Then shall thy victims rise—  
Then shall they sound thy knell!  
A song immortal as the skies,  
Thy final doom shall tell.

Calmly we'll look on thee,  
Thou dread—thou tyrant king!  
'O Grave! where is thy victory?  
'O Death! where is thy sting?'  
D. J. M.



## Eastern Houses, Utensils, and Customs.

## Original.

All wisdom cometh from God. The improvements in the arts, the advancement of the sciences, and the progress of society, are the results of the enlightening wisdom of the Creator of all things operating on the mind of men, and leading his reasoning and contriving faculties to produce beneficial devices. The kindness of our heavenly Father is clearly seen in the progress which he has permitted man to make in the comforts and conveniences of their habitations; this we learn, and also gain much useful knowledge, by considering the subject of eastern houses and their conveniences.

It is obvious that in the very early ages of the world, mankind were necessitated to seek shelter in the rude caverns of nature, and find a pleasant retreat beneath the shady tree. Some people at this age of the world thus live, and in a more severe climate than that of Palestine. Lot, and his two daughters, resided in a cave after the destruction of Sodom. Gen. xix. 30.

As mankind multiplied, inventions for comfort increased, and caves not being readily found, other shelters were sought. The first devised were those formed of tall trees with broad tops twisted together, and the open spaces being filled up with branches, herbs, leaves, reeds, and flat stones placed as they could be supported. These pavilions were not altogether abandoned long after better and more substantial dwellings were devised; and the same are now used by some of the wandering tribes of the East.

The next improvement was that of tents; this invention is ascribed to Jabal, who is called the 'father of such as dwell in tents.' These tents were pitched under shady trees whenever practicable; thus it is said of the prophetess Deborah, that she dwelt under the palm tree, between Ramah and Bethel, in mount Ephraim; meaning thereby that her tent was thus situated. These tents were at first made of skins sewed together and placed on tall poles, so that they could be easily moved and carried to other places. Cloths of various kinds, particularly linen, were afterwards used as the arts advanced. The dwellers in tents were fond of assembling together and pitching their tents on some eminence so as to form a circular encampment, and thus situated they made a beautiful appearance beheld at a distance; at night, the cattle and flocks were

driven into the space in the centre, and were thus guarded.

Here we may notice one similitude used by the prophet Zechariah, ii. 5. that to us seems a strange one unconnected with the customs of the East. He said—'Saith the Lord, I will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her.' This was an encouraging promise of protection; and the figure was drawn from the custom of the eastern shepherds and travellers, who, in order to protect their flocks and tents from the ravages of wild beasts, were accustomed, whenever circumstances required it, to make fires at night all around them, from which the most furious wild beasts would flee; and often the protected shepherd could in the stillness of night hear the howl of savage disappointment as the affrighted beasts fled, and good unto them was their 'wall of fire.'

In the progress of time it was discovered that yet more durable and convenient abodes could be made by broad stones and earth; this was probably suggested by noticing how the flat stones and earth used to cover up crevices in the larger pavilions clave together, and formed a close shelter from the heavy dews and rains. The want of sufficient number, and proper kind of stones, gave rise to the invention of tiles formed of clay and chopped straw, hardened in the heat of the sun. We read of attempts in this work in Gen. xi. 3. 'And they said one to another, go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime for mortar.' When Moses led the Hebrews on to the land of Canaan he made mention of goodly or elegant houses which they should inhabit, and also he spoke of limestone plaster as well known.

As art increased, the spaciousness of houses increased; but it must be remembered that their largeness and beauty were various as the wealth of the different classes was various. The roofs of all the houses were flat, hardly declining one inch in ten feet; these roofs were formed of earth heaped together, and consolidated together by moisture and pressure; on them herbs and spears of wheat and barley would sometimes spring up, but were soon withered by the heat of the sun. To this the Psalmist alluded when he said—'Let them all be confounded that hate Zion; let them be as the grass upon the house-tops, which withereth afore it groweth up; wherewith the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.' The roofs of



the houses of the wealthy were made of other materials beaten together so as to form a compact stony substance. The inhabitants ascended to the roof to enjoy the purer air, to converse in private, to offer up their devotions, and in the summer they slept there. Thus we read that Samuel communed with Saul upon the house-top; 1 Saml. ix. 25. and we also read of Peter that he went up upon the house-top to pray. Acts x. 9. Around the roof was a railing to prevent persons from falling, and this guard was commanded to be made by the law of Moses. Deu. xxii. 8.

In the front of the houses opening into the streets were the gates, or doors of entrance, which were adorned with inscriptions taken from the law of Moses. Immediately inside the gate, was a porch wherein was a seat for persons that were not to be admitted into the house; from this porch were stairs that led to the roof, so that persons could ascend to, and descend from the roof without entering the house; hence our Savior said to his disciples that when they saw the great visitation of judgment approaching, 'Let him that is on the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house.'

Chimneys for the emission of smoke were not known to the Hebrews; their coals and wood were placed unto a kettle placed in the centre of the floor, and the smoke escaped through the window, or opening in the wall for that purpose; and this opening is the chimney of which Hosea xiii. 3. wrote. When a new house was finished, and the owner had entered it, it was customary to celebrate the event with great rejoicing, and to perform some religious ceremony to obtain the Divine blessing. It is said that one good excuse to exempt a person from military duty was that he had to attend to the dedication of a newly built house.

The household furniture and utensils were but few and simple except among the very opulent. The floor was covered with mats or carpets, and instead of chairs they sat upon cushions, or reclined upon couches. To prevent the mats or carpets from being soiled, no one was permitted to wear into the room shoes or sandals; these were to be left at the door. Looking-glasses are made mention of, but it is a very incorrect translation, as the mirrors referred to were made of polished brass: hence we read that Moses made the laver of the tabernacle of brass, and used in its composition 'the looking-glasses of the wom-

en assembling, which assembled at the door of the tabernacle.' Ex. xxxviii. 8.

Among the articles of the household we may mention as the principal, the corn mill, the kneading-trough, the oven and the bottles. The mill was a very simple contrivance, consisting of two stones, the one concave and the other convex so as to fit each other; the lower stone was fixed permanent, and by means of a handle the upper stone was moved round with great velocity, and ground the corn dropped in through an aperture in the top. The employment of grinding was confined solely to the females, who performed their duty in the morning early, and the noise of their mills could be heard all over a city, to the no little vexation of the sluggard. The want or absence of this noise is in the scriptures a mark of desolation—'I will take from them the noise of the millstones,' was a declaration of terrible import. A law was made by which it was provided, that 'no man shall take the nether or upper millstone in pledge, for he taketh a man's life in pledge.' Deu. xxiv. 6.

The kneading-trough of the Hebrews was not the cumbrous article so called of our day; and persons not aware of the difference find a difficulty in the statement made by Moses concerning the departure of the Israelites from Egypt; thus, 'The people took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading-troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders.' Ex. xii. 34. The troughs used by the Israelites were small wooden bowls, and were also used to serve up their food in when cooked; therefore they were an indispensable article to the travelling Israelites.

The ovens were singular enough, being nothing more than an earthen vessel into which coals of fire were placed; which heated the vessels through, and baked the dough that was put on the outside and spread around them; the bread is almost instantly baked, and is taken off in fine pieces, thin like our wafers. The orientals believe that Eve's oven was of this kind.

The bottles used were made of skins; and remembering this all obscurity vanishes from the expression of our Lord—'Neither do men put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish; but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved.' With us, bottles being usually made of glass, an old one is as strong as a new one; but not so with the ancient Jews; their



bottles being made of skins, use and age would naturally distend and weaken them, so that if new wine was placed in them the fermentation of it would distend the vessel beyond its strength, and the skin would be ruptured and the wine lost. This will serve to make one of the Divine Teacher's parables better understood than it could be without a knowledge of the nature of the eastern bottles.

Having thus treated of the houses and furniture of the Israelites, it becomes natural to next notice their hospitality, forms of salutation, and other domestic usages. In the primitive ages, there were no public inns where refreshment could be obtained, and to this day in the East, such places are few; there were some places called *caravansaries* where travellers tarried, but these only afforded shade from the sun at day, and protection from plunderers at night. Hospitality was therefore, and is esteemed in the East as highly honorable; and the sacred character of their hospitality is well illustrated by a custom which now prevails among the orientals. If a man receive another, though he may be a villain and a robber, into his house, and eat with him even a crust of bread, he is bound to treat him as a friend, and defend him at the hazard of his own life. Did he not do so, the scorn and contempt of all his countrymen would be visited upon him.

We find this custom observed by Lot who had received some guests into his house, and when some of the Sodomites came to insult and injure them, Lot went out and spake to the rude people, exposed himself to their fury, and was willing to rather give up his two daughters, than to yield his guests to their brutality. One of the most mournful lamentations of the Psalmist was over a vile disregard of the rites of hospitality, and he exclaimed—'Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.'

It was customary to wash the feet of guests that were to be received into the house to tarry; this was needed as the orientals wore only sandals, which were mere soles of hide or wood, fastened to the bottom of the foot by two straps. Abraham we read washed the feet of the three angels whom he entertained; Gen. xviii. 4. and the servants of Pharaoh, washed the feet of Joseph's brethren when they came into Egypt, xliii. 24. To perform this work was the office of the lowest servants; hence Christ gave a most striking

example of humility when he washed the feet of his disciples; and John the Baptist signified the high estimation in which he held the Lord when he declared he was not worthy to unloose the sandals of the great Teacher.

Another prevalent custom was that of anointing the head of a guest that was greatly beloved or honored; David alluded to this when he said, 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil.' And when Mary came to honor the Savior she entered the house of Simon, and anointed with richest perfume the head of Jesus, and bathed his feet with her tears. This gave occasion for Jesus to remind the pharisee, Simon, of his neglect of the ordinary ceremonies of respect and friendship; said he, 'Simon, seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, and thou gavest me no water for my feet, but she hath washed my feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment.'

The modes of salutation and ordinary politeness required much time on the part of those who observed them; but as a people the Israelites were very strict in the observance of outward decorum, and their forms of politeness at meeting or parting with their friends were often lengthy and tiresome; this will explain the direction of our Savior to the seventy whom he sent to preach the gospel in the towns and villages of Judea, thus, 'salute no man by the way;' not that they should not observe civility towards those they met, but that they should employ the utmost expedition, and avoid the useless and tiresome salutes of the day.

The most common salutation was—'Peace be with thee;' but this salute by common repetition became a mere form of words, in which the deep feelings of the heart had no interest; remembering this, how beautiful appears the address of Jesus to his disciples when they mourned because he was about to leave them to go to the Father—said he, 'My peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you, *not as the world giveth, give I unto you.*' John, xiv. 27. There was deep meaning and feeling in his words—they had none of the heartlessness of the every day salutation, but came from a soul deeply interested in their welfare, and who would give them peace, not as the world giveth, but as the Sent of God giveth, to ease the mind, comfort



the heart, and set the soul free from the law of sin.

On visiting at the house of a Jew the person was obliged to knock at the gate, or call with a loud voice for the master of the house ; thus we read of Peter's being visited by men from Cornelius, who ' made enquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate, and called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodged there.' They were then either by the master, or a servant, conducted in ; and should it appear to the master of the house desirable and proper to solicit the absence of a visitor, he gives him a polite hint to that effect by causing him to be regaled by incense, or burn perfume. This of course finishes the visit.

Visits of honor and respect made to persons high in rank, were always accompanied with a gift ; in allusion to this we read among the Proverbs thus—' A man's gift maketh room for him ; and bringeth him before great men.' There was no restriction made as to the kind of gifts which one brought to another, but they could bring whatever they might deem good, money, arms, clothing, food, or ornaments. A gift always betokened respect ; and many are the passages in the sacred volume that serve to illustrate this.

The food of the Israelites, it is evident from the whole tenor of sacred history, was very simple ; consisting principally of milk, honey, rice, and vegetables, except at the appointed festivals when they ate freely of animal food. But milk and honey, were the chief dainties of the orientals, and therefore the land of Canaan was described as ' a land flowing with milk and honey.' Bread, after all, must be considered as the chief article of food, and frequent mention of this simple diet is made in the scriptures as though it were the only article of food provided ; hence we read, ' They sat down to eat bread ;' ' We did eat bread to the full ;' ' Saul had eaten no bread all the day ;' ' Ahab turned away his face, and would eat no bread ;' and many similar instances, which show the simple nature of the ordinary diet of the Israelites.

The most common beverage was water ; but wine was used freely ; this would not have been hurtful in the land of the vine and grape, did not the inhabitants desire to make it a little stronger than nature made the pure juice of the grape ; they mixed it with spices, thus made it very rich and strong ; against this mixture Solomon warn-

ed the tempted by setting forth that woe, contentions, babbling, wounds without cause, and redness of eyes, were felt by those who tarried long at the wine, and went to seek mixed wine. The ' strong drink ' which he declared to be raging, was a sort of wine made of dates, and various sorts of seeds and roots, constituting a powerful intoxicating liquor, and was drank mixed with water.

The principal meal was in the after part of the day ; and their feasts were always appointed in the evening, as the burning heat of noon in eastern climates diminishes the appetite for food, and suppresses the disposition to cheerfulness. In the time of Christ, the Persian fashion of reclining at the table prevailed ; cushions were placed around the table, and the guests reclined at full length on their left side with their faces toward the table ; in this mode of reclining the head of the first approaches the breast of the second, and so on ; from this originated the expression of ' leaning upon the bosom.'

Knives and forks were not used, but the food was conveyed from the dish to the mouth by the right hand, hence the scrupulous care with which the Jews washed their hands before meals. They usually broke their bread into small pieces, and dipped it into the dish that contained the liquid ; this explains the expression of Jesus—' He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.' All the guests used one dish, or ate from one dish in common, therefore Judas might at the same time dip his bread into the dish as did Jesus. All seasons of social festivity were times of great joy and mutual interest ; the guests were as a brotherhood, and all were equal. The kingdom of the Messiah was well spoken of by the prophets under the figure of a feast, and its subjects are the children of joy.

Thus we have noticed the habitations of the proper inhabitants of Palestine, and things connected with their domestic and social history. How different the character of that people from the community in which we dwell ; and how important do we find it to be in order to understand the scripture records correctly, to know the manners and customs of ancient days, and of the people among whom our Lord moved. As we progress we shall find the more to interest us, and the more instruction we shall gain. The sacred seasons and places, the religious rites and ceremonies, are peculiarly engaging, and the



description of them throws great light on many passages of scripture which to the ordinary reader are dark and mysterious.

*E. Cambridge, 1838.*

ED.

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**'Dinna Forget.'**

Original.

'TILL thy kind letter came,  
I thy silence did blame,  
And often would worry and fret;  
But I opened the seal  
Which thy thoughts would reveal,  
And the motto was—'Dinna Forget!'

Those words spoke of hours  
Passed mid sunshine and flowers,  
Which are fresh in my memory yet;  
All suspicion shall end,  
Thou art true to thy friend,  
And our motto is—'Dinna Forget.'

D.

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**The Rainy Day.**

Original.

WE had intended an excursion to a neighboring lake, surrounded by beautiful and romantic scenery. We had prepared every thing for the journey. We had put up various little delicacies in baskets, and had engaged a small boat which hung by its cable on the glassy bosom of the water, in which we intended to take a pleasant sail over its sparkling surface. We anticipated much pleasure from the jaunt—especially the more youthful part of the company, who were all life and gaiety during the evening which preceded the intended happy day.

'Oh Eliza!' said a dark eyed maiden flying across the room to her whom she addressed, 'when we get there, I will show you a beautiful little cave that reminds me of a hermit's cell—only that it is more pleasant, and over-grown with wild flowers. It is large enough to hold you and me.'

'Yes, Caroline'—said another, 'and you know that large chestnut tree whose roots appear to be wound in a solid rock; I passed by the place two weeks ago and the burs were lying thick on the ground. The nuts must be nearly ripe by this time.'

'Did you have any difficulty in getting the boat?' inquired one of the young men of the eldest of the company.

'Not much,' answered he—'the old man chewed his tobacco rather fiercely at first, and surveyed me from head to foot very inquisitively before he gave his consent.'

'He is an ugly old man,' said one of the young ladies hastily, and cannot endure that any one should take pleasure but himself.'

'If that is his disposition, he cannot take *much* pleasure himself,' replied the young man.

'He was not always of that disposition,' said an aged lady who sat in one corner of the room knitting, and who had been almost unnoticed until now. I can remember when he was the gayest of the gay, and possessed a heart overflowing with good will to all mankind.'

'What! old Lubin!' cried several of the company. 'Then has he got bravely over it! A more surly, ill-natured old man than he is now was never seen.'

The old lady motioned with her hand for silence, and then proceeded as follows:—

'I was once young as you are now; and Lubin was then young too. His bent frame was then straight and of the handsomest proportions. He was full of animation, enthusiastic, and yet as gentle as a lamb. But when his mind was once set upon anything, he was impatient for its accomplishment, and could not bear to be thwarted either by his fellow-beings, or by any of those accidents over which men have no control. I first saw Lubin at a watering party, and we became attached to each other. We became warmly attached, and, in a short time, we could not be happy when out of each other's society. In short, like all young and ardent minds when they love for the first time, we seemed to speak but with one mouth, and feel with but one heart. This delirium of joy lasted several months, when a day was appointed for our marriage. Lubin was all gaiety, mingled with impatience. He made great preparations for the wedding. He was fond of dress and show; and as we had a couple of miles to ride to the church, he procured several carriages from town, with gay prancing steeds—the former mounted with burnished metal that shone brightly in the sun. He also procured a suit of very costly and showy clothing for himself. He then waited for the time when he should be able to exhibit his fine equipage and gay attire to the eyes of the public. I was all happiness and fluttering joy, and on the evening preceding our intended marriage, my bosom throbbed with unrestrained bliss and triumph.'

The morning came—but alas! a violent rain had commenced at midnight, and all that day the clouds poured forth their torrents upon the



drenched earth. The roads became muddy, and swollen rivulets poured their roaring streams from the hills. It was indeed an extremely unpleasant day ; yet it was the day for which Lubin had waited with such anxious impatience. He arose in the morning, looked out of the window, and extreme disappointment and mortification were depicted on his visage. All his bright hopes of making a grand display to the villagers were at once and entirely prostrated. The recollection of the expense he had been at—the pains he had taken to render this occasion one of splendor and pride rushed upon his mind, and overwhelmed him with chagrin. His natural impatience soon burst forth in violent complaints. I had not yet learned the first duty of a wife—to bear with the peculiar failings of him she loves. I repined at Lubin's ill-nature, and thought he should be glad to marry me, at any rate—in sunshine or storm. I thought he ought to be happy in the possession of myself alone. I therefore became as sullen as the weather, and when Lubin replied to one of my questions in a hasty manner, I retorted with spirit. This, his already chafed spirit could not endure. An angry collision ensued, and Lubin left the house in a violent passion. Our friends and relatives who had come together on this occasion waited some time for his return, and then repaired serious and disappointed to their several homes. The next time that I saw Lubin was at the house of a friend. He looked sad and dejected, and I believe that if I had shown a disposition to be reconciled, all would have gone well between us and our union would have been happily consummated. But, with girlish vanity, I treated him with the utmost indifference, and that sealed my destiny. He became utterly disgusted with me, and never took the least notice of me, although I would fain have won from him a token of his love. Although he had given up all thought of marrying me, Lubin was an unhappy man. It was evident that this disappointment had broken down his spirit and soured his feelings. He was never known to go to a party afterward—and from the young ladies he kept wholly aloof. He denounced the whole of our sex, and associated no more with his fellows. Since then Lubin has been a desolate and unhappy man, disdaining friendship, and feeling, apparently, no sympathy for his kind. I have also remained alone in the world, and I need not tell you that I have en-

dured many seasons of melancholy reflection since the prostration of my early hopes.

I have thus accounted for Lubin's eccentricities, and have also shown you how by too great an earnestness, and too impatient an anticipation of the pleasures of life, we may bring much and lasting misery on ourselves when disappointment fixes her fangs in the heart. I have, therefore, always found it best to moderate my expectations, and to wait patiently for the development of heaven's will. He knows best what is proper and convenient for us.'

A long silence followed this singular narration, for it was new to us all, and many little incidents were recollected which bore witness to its truth. The justness of the moral was felt by all present, and duly appreciated. L. R. S.

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Uncle John...No. 4.

Original.

HIS IDEAS OF THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

My Uncle was ever an admirer of nature ; and he delighted in rambling abroad in the fields and to behold the buoyancy and happiness which sported around. The hills were his temples and the vallies were his drawing rooms, and he lacked not company while animate creation rejoiced within his path, and while he entertained his own thoughts, as he dwelt upon the magnificence of the works of God. It was on a lovely evening, such as was his delight, that I found him seated at his window enjoying the scene which he so much loved. The following remarks will fully express the reflections in which he was indulging. Said he—

'How shines the love of God abroad.' Nature is full of the benefactions of its Author. The apostle never spake greater truth than when he declared God to be love. To any one who truly appreciates the beauties and the harmonies of creation, there is no particular degree of inspiration needed to convince of the reality of this truth. How serenely shines yonder lamp of night. It seems to speak to the earth in floods of liquid light, and declare the goodness of God to all. How beautiful the night season, when such glory shines abroad. Guilt forbears to stalk with solemn stride across the earth ; the mind appears to catch the serenity and cheerfulness of nature ; even the ocean-girt mariner relaxes his rigid watchfulness ; and when sooth-



ing sleep benumbs the senses, it appears to sit with its easiest grace and influence upon the lids of all.

'By the evidence which he has presented us in his works, God appears to demand of men almost an involuntary tribute of praise to his goodness. By day and by night, in every scene, he has set it forth in colors the most vivid and grand. It crowns the hills, and teems in the vallies. The streamlet conveys it murmuringly along, and the broad ocean embosoms it in its depths. The sky reflects it down to earth, and the earth sends back its acknowledgment to the sky. We may behold it—we may hear it—we may feel it; for there is no sense to which the goodness of the Lord is not made manifest. Were a man even deprived of his outward senses, the sweet and exhilarating emotions which are made to flow in upon the mind, would sufficiently indicate that he who has framed us delights to bless. Yes! the fragrance borne upon the breath of the morn,—the splendor and beauty of the day,—the loveliness and glory of the eventide,—the grandeur and sublimity of night,—these, and when even these are unknown or unperceived, the holy and pleasing sensations excited within, attest the goodness of our Maker, and call forth the homage of every heart which is sensitively awake to the majestic, sublime, or beautiful.

'It is these manifestations of the loving kindness of the Creator which appear to call forth that unbounded and undoubting confidence with which man is possessed. However strenuously a man may disbelieve the existence of Deity, there are no sceptics with reference to the great operations which he has established in nature. The farmer feels assured of the regular return of the seasons; the appointed period of seed-time and harvest are invariably foreseen and provided for by him. The mariner knows that the sea will bear his ship upon its bosom, and that the wind will waft it onward to its destined port. At morn we regularly expect the return of night; and, when we lay our wearied limbs upon the couch of rest, we doubt not that the morn will again call us to a renewal of our labors. How happy is it for man that he is able to repose in this degree of quietness and confidence in respect to the laws which ensure him his existence! Were it not so, how aggravating would be the load of care continually pressing upon his mind. His life would be one continued series of doubt, and consequent misery.

But, by the goodness of God the laws of his creation are established; and no perplexity can arise in the mind concerning them. Their regularity, and the beneficence manifested in them assure us of the goodness of their Author; and while thus his goodness is exemplified, like a besom it sweeps away the rubbish of doubt from the pathway of this life, it removes all dread from the heart with respect to the future; and assures us, even in the distant prospect, of a blessed and happy eternity; for God 'is without variableness, or, even shadow of turning.'

Thus did Uncle John enthusiastically vent the feelings of his heart on a subject which above all he specially loved; and I ever afterwards looked upon the works of God with renewed interest; for it is pleasant to the human heart to contemplate that which manifests and illustrates goodness.

D. J. M.

*Westbrook, Me.*

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#### Christianity.

Original.

WHEN the Almighty spoke this fair world into existence, he pronounced the workmanship of his hands *good*. Nor were the inanimate things of His creation the only objects on which Heaven bestowed his full approbation. When He breathed an immortal soul into Adam, the man was immaculate. In him there was no blemish. Our first parents were pure as the angels of heaven. Had they remained so, they would have known nothing of the miseries which sin brings in her train. How long they remained in this paradisaical condition, the Scriptures do not testify, but sooner or later, they aspired to throw off their allegiance to the Almighty—they refused to be guided by his teachings, and sought to learn good and evil for themselves. Their finite wisdom was incompetent to the task, for every good and perfect gift proceeds from but one fountain—even the great Supreme himself; and He who hath set bounds to the sea, and traced out the course of the stars is alone capable of marking out for the soul of man, the unerring path which leads to glory and happiness. Trusting in their own wisdom, they were like pupils who would become their own school-masters. Their heavenward course was at once stayed—confusion and thick darkness overwhelmed their minds—they wandered into strange paths—and moral death separated them from their Maker,



even as the lopped branches no longer receive the sap from the root of the tree, as they had been forewarned, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' and so they did. Adam no longer had that life which God breathed into him when he became 'a living soul;' for the death of sin overcame him. 'The wages of sin are death.' Dead in sin and trespasses, they sought by repentance to return unto God; but the state in which they were in before they fell was no longer attainable, but by a *second birth*—the renewal of the heart.

But when the soul has once fallen from its purity, the difficulties in the way of a complete return to innocence are augmented by a perversion of the understanding. There is a close connection between innocence and true knowledge. Hence we see that many very talented men spurn the truth. To the wise Greeks it was foolishness, and to the Jews a stumbling block. In vain then does man by human wisdom endeavor to find out God. Every sin hardens the conscience, and dulls the moral sense. Of how much importance is it then that every parent should, as much as possible, preserve the purity of his offspring. It is not necessary that the child should ever sin, yet evil is in the world, and on whatever side we look, we see a hand beckoning us to taste of the forbidden fruit. Such was the case with the antediluvian world, and awful strides did they early take in the downward career of wickedness. The first-born of Adam and Eve gave very soon a fearful example of the mischiefs attending the introduction of sin into the world. He too must needs be his own judge of good and evil. He must eat of that forbidden tree, instead of asking wisdom of God in the secret recesses of his own heart. It pleased the Lord to accept the sacrifice of Abel, but that of Cain was an abomination, because offered in a wrong spirit. Had the heart of Cain been sufficiently humble before God to seek, and abide by, the teaching of heavenly wisdom, he would have seen that the rejection of his offering was a merciful visitation, intended to show him that he was not in the path which leads to happiness, and therefore to impress him with the necessity of seeking 'that better way.' Had the Almighty accepted his offering, he would not have known that he was wrong, and would thus have been led astray and taught to hug to his bosom the worm which gnawed his vitals. Let us be thankful and rejoice

that 'God looks upon sin with no manner of allowance'—for sin is our greatest enemy—and God is therefore the greatest enemy to sin. Let us rejoice in the promise that he will make the enemies of Jesus his footstool—that death and hell shall be conquered, and that to the power that was in Jesus and is in every redeemed soul, every knee shall bow.

The world became, at length, so depraved, that God, in mercy to such as should be born hereafter, swept them all away by a flood, save the few righteous who remained. The very limited number of holy persons who lived in the time of the flood exhibits, in a painful light, how extremely difficult it is for the world to get rid of sin after it has once entered among us. We find that one of Noah's sons early gave evidence of this fact, and soon the inhabitants of the world, no longer trusting in God their Savior, sought to save themselves from his future judgments by building a tower, the top of which should reach to heaven. We may marvel at the extreme ignorance which this deed betrayed—that frail man should expect to baffle the power of the Creator. They were taught that God could confound them without the agency of floods or tempests. Their speech became strange to one another, and their muttered accents were like the voice of one from a far off shore. They parted asunder, and new nations were formed of the broken ranks of deluded and presuming men.

Nevertheless, the spirit of the Lord still strove with his creatures, and some hearkened unto his voice. With long-suffering, mercy, and condescension, he even addressed himself to their outward senses by wonders and signs, and miracles—but even here his sinful creatures mocked him with base imitations, and the magicians and wise women led off captive many believers, in order that God might not have the glory. The Egyptians learned sorcery as a science, and finding the effect which the Almighty's signs and wonders had upon the multitude, they thought to place themselves in the place of God, and to become objects of veneration and reverence by doing, by natural means, what He did by the power of his own Almighty hand. Finding that they could not enjoy the presence of God, and the sweet reward of their own consciences while they followed their lusts and indulged in pride and envy, they made other gods of wood and stone and brass, who being dumb could not reprove their sins. They felt their need of some



protector—they felt that there must be superior powers, and reason itself showed as much ; therefore they would have such gods as would permit them to remain in sin, and would remain silent while they rushed headlong to misery and ruin. Never having tasted the fullness of spiritual joy in the Lord, they were beguiled by the deceitful pleasures of sin ; and this is the case with too many in our day, who will not hear the voice of the Charmer though he charm ever so wisely—but who would rather walk in the light of their own eyes as Adam did, and eat of the forbidden fruit because it is pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste.

I have said there were still some who obeyed the voice of the Lord and were accepted of him ; yet the number was very limited. The whole earth was darkened, and the spirit of man was become so gross and sensual that nothing but the immediate interposition of Jehovah could rescue him from his deplorable condition. For this purpose he chose a particular people. He did not seek out the most learned and powerful nation, but shed the light of his countenance upon a dark and benighted people in the bondage of slavery. Them he took, and led from captivity by the agency of Moses. They were incapable, as a nation, of beholding the bright effulgence of Gospel truth ; and He taught them by such means as they were capable of appreciating. All the laws given them by Moses, although of an outward nature, and depending upon outward sacrifices, meats and drinks, were typical of the religion which came by Jesus Christ. It was easy for them to understand those outward ordinances and to do them ; but they were only 'a schoolmaster to bring them to Christ.' The outward senses of the Israelites were first addressed, in order that, by that means, they might be brought to comprehend spiritual things. This may be illustrated by the fact, that mathematical axioms are taught with lines and curves drawn on paper—this outward manifestation conveys the idea. In the same way letters and words are symbols of thoughts.

But we find that about the time Jesus came among the Jews, there were many philosophers, such as Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras, Seneca, and others, who, by close and humble attention to the teachings of nature, and the power of God as revealed on their own hearts, had attained to considerable knowledge with respect to the truth as revealed through Jesus Christ. They taught

there was but one Supreme Mind, and they regarded the gods as mere symbols of something of a more spiritual nature. Could these men have met the Savior and talked with him, there can be little doubt that his revelations would have found a ready response in their bosoms. But the Israelites were not prepared to receive him. Their minds were gross, and they had not yet become imbued with the true and hidden meaning of the rituals of the law. There are many such in these days. There are many who name the name of Christ who are carnal-minded like the Jews, and see not the deep spirituality of the religion which they profess. They are still under the law, and the votaries of the old dispensation. But Jesus came to restore all that Adam lost. Being without sin, he ever dwelt in Paradise, and ate of the fruits of the garden of Eden, even as he told those among whom he walked—'I have bread to eat that ye know not of.' It was to restore us to Eden's blissful bowers that he came ; and by obeying his injunctions and following the motions of the holy light within our own hearts, we may return to the condition from which we have fallen through disobedience. But never shall we experience this until our own wills are wholly subdued to the will of him who sits as a refiner with fire in the innermost recesses of our souls. We must come voluntarily to the light that our deeds may be reprov'd. No unclean thing can enter into the kingdom of Heaven. But by purification and obedience to the revealed will of God, we shall enter into the kingdom of Heaven, even as the Son of Man was in heaven while walking upon the earth. This is a hard saying to the fleshly-minded, but the spiritual know that heaven commences before death arrives.

BETHA.

*Boston, Mass.*

#### The Three Sceptres.—A Vision.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

'Bring forth the sceptres of command !'

That awful voice I heard—

'And let the subject nations stand !'

The waiting world appeared.

Then drew the sceptre-bearers nigh,

Old Asia, first, crept cowering by ;

Next Europe, with her troubled eye ;

Then young America ;

Each placed her sceptre, passed ; and then,

Unveiled before the sons of men,

A Sword, a Crosier, and a Pen

Upon the altar lay.

Again the voice uprose, and loud

Like battle-cry it came,



And wildly, from that heaving crowd,  
 Echoed the shout—'For Fame !'  
 Brother 'gainst brother fiercely stood,  
 The earth was graves, the rivers blood—  
 Kingdoms were crushed, as wasting flood  
 Had swept o'er crumbling clay,—  
 Till, 'mid the din, a dove appeared !  
 The heavenly tone of 'Peace !' was heard—  
 I looked, and, with that gentle word,  
 The Sword had passed away !

Then like a storm of ashes hurled  
 From the volcano's height,  
 A thick, dark cloud roll'd o'er the world,  
 Blotting Mind's blessed light—  
 And men sunk down, in utter dread ;  
 Mailed warriors, weak as infants tread,  
 And monarchs, with uncovered head,  
 Stooped low the cowl before ;  
 And Superstition's iron reign  
 Has seared the heart, and shrunk the brain—  
 Ha !—Thought's strong grasp has rent the chain ;—  
 The Crosier's sway is o'er.

Pure as the light on altar glows,  
 Lit up by prophet's prayer,  
 A small, soft, steady light arose  
 On earth, on sea, and air ;  
 It shines as shed from seraphs' wings,  
 Withering all vile, old, useless things—  
 Like scorched flax from the grasp of kings  
 The reins of empire sever ;  
 It burns from Craft his mask of night,  
 Intemperance blasts with perfect light,  
 And shows the Ethiop's soul is white,—  
 'The Pen—the Pen forever !'

Thus rang the voice—its trumpet tone  
 Burst like a swelling river ;  
 From land to land went sounding on,  
 'The Pen—the Pen forever !'  
 I saw earth's joyous millions move,  
 Justice their shield, their banner love,—  
 While Freedom's eagle, high above,  
 Soared with unslumbering eye ;  
 Cool springs gushed forth mid arid sands,  
 Bright flowers sprung up in desert lands,  
 And bands of peace, from angel hands,  
 Were linking earth and sky.

#### The Village Green.

Original.

THE warm sun had just diluted his rays in a fleecy cloud that rose above the western horizon as if to receive him to his rest. The balmy breeze arose, just strong enough to shake the rustling leaves and dissipate the sultriness of the atmosphere. We hitched our tired horse to a stake, and straggled onward toward the delightful little village before us. A red cottage with clamoring vines in front and a wild garden laid out by nature herself, was the first object which riveted our attention. After surveying this neat little abode of peace and contentment, we turned a corner, by a large and ancient tree, and our ears were saluted by the boisterous mirth of the

village youths just let loose from school. The school-house was a small one story building which had evidently seen its best days. It stood at the base of a hill on which grew a number of tall evergreen trees, through which the rising breeze had already begun to roar, while the tops of these lofty natives of the forest bowed to the passing gale. Before the school-house was a widely extended green, over which the boys and girls spread themselves, and with many an antic gambol evinced the buoyant gaiety of their young hearts. My friend and I stood a little aloof from the noisy throng and watched their movements. Always having taken a lively interest in children, and being fond of watching the developement and display of those dispositions and passions which were to govern their future conduct in the world, I reaped both diversion and instruction by being thrown so suddenly into their society. Their ringing voices floated over the green, while their fleet footsteps resounded on the sward, as with bat and ball, hoop and kite in hand they rushed tumultuously to their sports. Here there were no distinctions of rank. The son of the honest ploughman with darned hose and patched coat stood side by side with the ruffled descendant of the squire, and in choosing partners for the game, it not unfrequently happened that the first choice was made of one of the former, while the latter was with apparent reluctance taken in at the last. It was easy to be perceived that individuals were estimated here according to their merit ; and the distinction which they made was quite as marked as that which governs children of larger growth. One lad was set aside, because, as was vociferously alleged, he had been guilty of swearing on Sunday. He fumbled with his hands in his pockets, while his trial lasted, with eyes cast down to the ground, and when sentence of expulsion was pronounced, he turned away with a glowing cheek and a tear glistening in his eye. Another lad called out to him as he went away, 'I can't help it, George, you must not blame me, I did all I could for you. You won't hinder me from getting plums in your garden on school days, will you ? for I haven't been to blame.' But George did not answer, being willing no doubt to leave his friend in anxiety as a sort of set off to his own disgrace. The little exile went and sat under a small withered tree, where he seemed for a while to be plotting some means of revenge for his wrongs. At length he looked up and watched his com-



panions at their play. By degrees, he took an interest in the game that was going forward, and moved leisurely along toward the scene of action. He watched the countenances of the principal players, until at length his mind appeared to be made up. He stepped back and waited patiently until one side was out—that is one party in the play was defeated, and in their turn were obliged to toss the ball, and become servants to their successful rivals. The lad with whom George wished to converse was, by this means, thrown nearly out of employment. He appeared to be a very influential youth; and although younger than some present, his opinion was listened to with deference on every subject connected with the game. As this lad was now lingering in the back ground, George approached him. Apparently aware of the intention of the petitioner, he pretended not to notice him, but busied himself in giving some directions, in a loud voice, to those lads of his party who stood at a distance from him. George drew back until he had concluded, and evinced no slight knowledge of diplomacy in making his second approach. He advanced very near the lad whose interest he was desirous of securing, and then stood with his eyes cast down, as if modestly waiting until he should be first addressed.

'Stand out of the way, George!' cried the other. 'Don't you see I can't catch the ball, if you stand there?' George obeyed, and dropped in the rear. The ball soon flew, bounding over the head of the first lad, and came to the ground far beyond him. He looked at it as it rolled afar off into a swampy valley, and seemed mortified at the thought of running after it. But, in the next moment, George had set out like an arrow in its pursuit. He soon recovered the ball, and having carefully wiped off the mud on the grass, threw it to the other boy. The latter looked pleased, and George felt encouraged. George kept his position at a considerable distance behind his intended patron, until the ball came again, and he again brought it back to the other lad. This was repeated several times, and then, by some lucky stroke, the party on which George had waited, won.

As soon as this took place, George's patron summoned the players together, and proposed to dissolve the parties, and choose sides again. This met with some opposition, as there appeared to be no adequate cause for such a movement. The winners were particularly opposed to it. At

length, the lad who had made the proposition, declared that unless they would accede to it, he would immediately cease playing. 'So,' said he, 'if I leave, you will have to choose again, and you had better choose without my leaving.' There was no gainsaying this fact, and the lads consented to *toss up*, and choose. Our hero at once chose George, and the latter ranged himself in order by his side. The other lads appeared thunderstruck. 'You are not going to take him into the game, Ned Hardy, are you?' was at length vociferated from several juvenile throats.

'What do you suppose I wanted to choose again for?' was the ready reply of Ned.

'But we turned him out once,' said the squire's son, persuasively.

'I wont play with a swearer,' said a large lad, stepping forward.

'You won't!' cried Ned; 'very well, then do you leave us, and we shall be just even. One must leave, you know,' said he, looking around imposingly upon the astonished group, 'to make room for George, and let Sam go, if he pleases. Don't you recollect when he stole an apple out of the master's desk? You don't want to play with a *thief*, do you?'

'No, no, we don't want to play with a thief. There is a law against stealing,' said the squire's son, 'Sam had better go about his business.'

This was an unexpected stroke to poor Sam, who had forgotten the blemish on his own reputation when he attacked George with such unrelenting severity.

The influence of Ned prevailed, and George was taken in.

My friend and I could not but observe in this manœuvre, the germ of those intrigues which might one day decide the fate of nations. We could learn from it one thing in the character of Ned, as he was familiarly called. When he determined to bring about any result, he would carry it to the issue, at all hazards.

We lingered a few moments longer on the ground, to see if anything illustrative of character would again transpire. We did not wait for nothing. In a few minutes a dispute arose respecting the lad who caught the ball. If he had caught it on the first bound, the successful party would go out, but if on the second, it would have no influence on the game. George was confident that the other party caught it after it had bounded twice, and several disputants on his



own side maintained the same. The other party protested that the ball was caught on its first bound, and that consequently, they had won. Ned had not yet given his opinion. He, at length, stepped forward and frankly confessed that the opposite party had caught the ball on the first bound, and that he and his companions had, therefore, lost. 'I was looking right at Charles Jones,' said he, 'at the time he caught it. The ball struck the ground but once, and then bounded directly into his hands.'

The other party expressed their triumph by loud shouts, and Ned's party all appeared contented excepting George, who went round to his companions and whispered something in their ears which evidently disconcerted them. 'Yes,' said one of them aloud, in reply to George's observations—'that is mean to go against his own party.'

'So it is,' cried another—'he ought to have stood up for us. He has lost us the game.'

These suggestions soon became more threatening, and were uttered in a louder tone. They, at length, approached Ned, and George vociferated their determination not to let him play any longer, as he had betrayed his own party.

'I only told the truth,' said Ned, coloring.

But George became very outrageous. He was the leader of the riot and Ned was expelled.

At this last consummation my friend and I left the ground, and repaired to our lodgings. We could not but remark how George had by cringing servility imposed on the generosity of Ned, who kindly procured him a place among the players—while he, as soon as he had secured that place, exerted himself to get his benefactor ousted from the company. Truly, gratitude is a rare virtue among the sons of men.

THE MORALIST.

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#### The Present Life.

Original.

Not far from the window of my study flows a river, but a small portion of which is discernible through the vista of houses that lie between me and the water. When a vessel passes this opening, she is in sight but a few moments. Her prow is now visible, and while I gaze upon her, her stern is for a moment exhibited, and then passes from my view. I have compared the sudden appearance and departure of a vessel, in this brief and transitory manner, to the account

which the Scriptures give us of individuals who performed many interesting deeds in their day. We read of their birth, and how long they lived, and then that they were gathered to their fathers. What a striking illustration does this afford us of the brevity of human life! We appear but for a moment, and then are gone forever. Another generation quickly springs up, with new interests, new feelings, new desires, and our very graves are trampled under their feet. They take hold of life with vigor and freshness, and strive for a little while to make themselves great on earth. They move about with elastic step. They talk of the temporary affairs of this world as if they were to last forever; and appear to imagine that nobody ever lived before them nor will live after them. They move about the earth with haughty heads and eyes lifted up, as if they had an everlasting lease of their widely extended possessions. But in a moment they are cut off, and become dust. With all their pride and their enterprise they go down to be food for the worm, and the place that once knew them, knows them no more.

How vain is it then to expect great things in this world—how foolish to toil incessantly in order to lay up treasures on earth and become great among men. But there are many who, not content with grasping all within their reach, and more than they can enjoy while here, would fain build up a great name that shall survive when they are no more—who are ready to sacrifice all their peace, all reasonable enjoyment to the one object of being talked about when they are dead, of having their names handed down, in flaming letters, to posterity. There appears to me something supremely ridiculous in this kind of vanity. Surely, when we descend to the grave all consciousness of a worldly nature ceases, and it can be no object to us then to be talked about by our fellow-creatures; or, if it should be said that we are still sensible of what is going on in this world, after we have departed to fairer skies, and brighter regions, can it be supposed that our ears would then be flattered by the plaudits of erring man. If so, on the same principle, we would be liable to be made unhappy even in the realms of bliss, by the aspersions that might be cast on our names after death.

But the greatest evil attending an ordinary thirst for future fame is the strong temptation to neglect higher duties for the sake of acquiring a



celebrity which can be of no manner of service to us. Even the fame attendant on virtuous deeds is not worthy of compare with the glory which attends goodness in a future state of being. Let us then mainly strive to do right—to acquire the approbation of God and our own consciences, which is of far more importance than the fleeting and uncertain breath of mortals, and which is the food of immortals forever and ever.

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**Intellectual Pleasures.**

Original.

MEN of genius have as keen a relish for the pleasures of sense as other men ; yet how frequently do they neglect to use those means by which such pleasures can be obtained. How often do we see them deprived of even the necessities of life. Why is it that they do not apply themselves to the study of the science of money-making? They could no doubt learn it with as much facility as other men ; yet we see them prefer poverty to that kind of exertion. Is it because they are too indolent to attend to the ordinary affairs? Is it because they prefer suffering to toil, and would rather forego all enjoyment than to have recourse to the labor which is necessary to procure it? By no means. It is because they already have their share of enjoyment. It is true that houses and lands are not theirs. Their tables do not groan beneath the weight of luxuries. The sublime delights of good eating they do not share with the swine and the fatted calf, but they still find in the recesses of their own hearts, and in the record of other minds, something which may be regarded as a substitute. I do not mean to say that we can support the body on intellectual food ; but we can forget the mere pleasures of sense in the enjoyment of those which are purely intellectual. Let not the individual then who is capable of such gratifications envy those whom riches enable to please the palate with tasteful viands and 'generous wine.' But let him rather learn to estimate his own privileges, and to be thankful that although he cannot feast the body as his neighbor can, he may still quaff the limpid and ennobling stream of intellectual pleasures. The delights of sense when indulged, soon lose their piquancy, but who ever heard of intellectual satiety. The more the mind gains, the more it craves, and the deeper it drinks of the river of

knowledge the more is its appetite increased. The reason is plain. The body is mortal and must decay. Its power of enjoyment is but a thing of a day, and soon it ceases to be the seat of pleasure ; but the all-enduring mind must exist throughout the endless ages of eternity, and its powers of enjoyment increase the more they are exercised. Who then can hesitate to choose between the pleasures of sense and those of the intellect?

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To —

Original.

OFt hast thou raised this drooping frame,  
From sickness, care, and pain,  
And kindly watched the sufferer,  
Till health returned again.

And often have thy lips beguiled  
The melancholy hour :  
But, is there not a pain, whose cure  
Lies far beyond thy power ?

Bring back the withered rose its bloom,  
The leaf its verdant hue—  
Bring back, by scorching sun-beams drank,  
Bright gems of morning dew :—

Bring from the rolling tide of years,  
Joys which have past away—  
Bring back the wept, the lost, the loved,  
From darkness and decay :

Bring to the earth, while yet 'tis night,  
The sun-beam's golden track ;  
And to the drooping flowers at noon,  
Night's cooling shades, bring back :—

Then hope to change the stern decree,  
Which the voice of fate hath spoken—  
To raise again the spirit crushed,  
And to heal the heart that's broken.

E. R. W.

Lynn, Mass.

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**The Cousins.**

Original.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

It was at an early hour of a clear, cold evening in December, that two—whom we wish to introduce to you gentle reader—were seated in an elegantly furnished room of a handsome mansion in Broadway. The shaded lamps, and bright coal fire in a polished grate, sent out their steady light over the glowing colors of the thick, soft turkey carpet which yielded noiselessly to the footstep—the marble tables and ornaments—the rich mirrors—the tea equipage of gilt-china, and the heavy curtains of satin damask, which falling over tightly closed shutters kept from the favored inmates all sight, or sense of the pierc-



ing air without. The youngest of these favored ones reclined in a careless attitude upon an ottoman of cut-velvet, with one arm resting on a table loaded with annuals and bijouterie, and one hand supporting her head, while the other held a volume which had been open at chapter first long enough to show that the author's commencement was not so interesting as soon to fix her wandering thoughts upon the creation of his fancy. She was *en dishabille*, but beautiful, though looking pale and weary—a belle undorned and tired of a day spent in listless doing-nothingness. Her companion was a lady also; but not young and apparently not in rude health, though still good looking, and her delicate fingers were busily employed with her silken network. Mrs. Howard was the widow of a millionaire, and the fair Catharine was her only child.

The door opened and another claiming our notice joined the group. She was younger than Catharine, and more slightly formed, and her beauty was not so striking—still she was lovely; but it was the loveliness of expression more than of feature, for you knew not whether her eyes were blue or grey, when meeting their soft intelligent glance, and thought not of the pretty mouth or chiselled lips while listening to the liquid melody which flowed from them. Her dress was a white merino richly embroidered. An ermine pelerine had slipped off the right shoulder displaying a white throat round which was a string of pearls, and her brown hair was smoothly braided entwining a bunch of lily of the valley. The sweet girl looked fresh and happy, and her name was Viola.

'Tea waits for you cousin,' said Catharine, lifting her eyes from the book which she was—not reading, 'but I did not think you were at the toilet. This is a most ungentle hour to be arrayed for a ball, and I fear your dress will hardly pass muster with the ton—why did you not ask my advice? though I must confess the whole effect is fine, and you really look well Viola, and not at all like a country girl.'

'A compliment from cousin Kate!' said she, clapping her hands and dropping a graceful courtesy. 'But I shall dance like a country girl, I do so love the exercise. It truly troubled me to see the young ladies who were here last night; after a cotillon was got up to amuse them, lounging through the figure as if they thought themselves too fine to dance. Any objection to this dress will be useless, for my

thoughtful father prescribed it in case of a ball. You know he is a physician, and unless I had promised faithfully to follow all prescriptions while away from his vigilant care, I should not have been permitted to make you this short visit at the season of dissipation. I suppose it matters little how soon we are ready, so we join not the gay circle till an orthodox hour, and I am thus early that I may read to my dear aunt while you are dressing; but come take a look from the window. The moon is full, and as Willis says, 'there seems nothing between her and the earth but palpable glittering cold.' If I was home now, what a grand night for a sleigh-ride.'

While seated at the tea-table, Viola suddenly exclaimed, 'Why, what is the matter, cousin Catherine, you look very pale!' Her mother replied that she seemed attacked with a serious cold, and that she had been urging her to give up the dance.

'Do not go, Kate, I beg of you! Let us stay here, and Edward shall spend the evening with us, and we will all be sociable and happy. Then you will not get sick; my dear aunt will be saved many hours of watching, and poor Viola will escape being laughed at by the fashionables.'

But Kate was wilful; and ringing the bell ordered Nancy to bring her fur-lined cloak that she might not freeze in going to her room and attend her thither, and when the process of dressing was completed she dismissed the girl, forbidding any one to disturb her till the carriage came, and gave the waiting moments to vain and bitter fancies. She was decked in the usual quantity of lace and satin which goes to make a gala-dress; the ruby and diamond upon her snowy fingers flashed back the changing light, and gems glittered in her dark redundant tresses. She had taken wine to raise her spirits, the paleness of her cheek had given place to the flush of fever, and her large flashing eyes were full of lustre. She drew the costly cashmere more closely around her, as the cold chill which accompanies fever shook her frame and admonished her of the rashness which heeded not its warnings. There was one powerful motive of action which led to this thoughtless trifling with health. The brilliant Catherine was a careless coquette; but she whose wealth and beauty had led so many captives in her train was now herself enslaved. Lieutenant Edward Gordon of the navy had been in port but a few days, after a three year's cruise, and no little share of his



precious time was given to his fair cousins. Left an orphan in boyhood to the guardianship of his uncle the father of Viola, he had resided under the same roof, till the world called him forth to seek name and fortune among his fellows : and now he was rejoiced to find the playmate of his childhood in the city to gladly welcome his return, and more than realizing in her improved mind, and expanded charms, all that his dreams or hopes had pictured.

The proud Catherine's heart had been won unsought by her handsome and gallant cousin, though she soon saw with pain his partiality for Viola ; but trusting to the power of charms which had hitherto been exerted only from a love of conquest, and believing that now her heart was interested they could not fail ; she determined—as he was to leave for the country on the morrow and join his vessel at another part—to night to put forth all her witchery and show herself the star of the ascendant.

Meanwhile the gentle Viola had read an interesting tale to her aunt, conversed upon its beauties, and meditated upon its moral, till her head sunk upon the table even at the risk of disarranging her brown hair's smoothness, and she slept. Her dreams were not of feathers, or diamonds, or conquests ; but of father, mother, and home.

The door opened, and Edward entered unannounced. Casting a smiling look at his aunt, and putting his finger to his lips in token of silence, he stood for a moment contemplating the sleeper ere his musical voice pronounced the name of 'Viola.' She started, exclaiming 'I am ready, dear father !' at first unconscious of her situation, but Edward's gay greeting soon brought her senses and blushes in requisition.

'Ah coz !' you are the first lady I ever caught dreaming other than waking dreams before the ball. I congratulate you upon your composure, and it is the more remarkable as this is to be your first appearance on any public stage ; but here comes our cousin Kate the peerless.'

'The rose in her tresses her bright cheek defies,  
The diamonds she wears are dark to her eyes !'

Shall I not obtain a share of the world's envy and admiration if I pass along with two such comets ?'

'Undoubtedly ! if you keep in their wake, though the course may be erratic. They have been trying to persuade me to stay moping at home this evening and humor a slight cold, but

I am obstinate. Viola shall prescribe for me on our return ; you know she professes to be a proficient in the preparation of simples.'

'Yes, and I can testify from experience that she practises as well as professes, for never in my boyish days did I bump my head, or scratch my finger, but she was ready with opodeldoc and balsam. Ah Vi ! how many times have I vexed you by gallantly kissing the careful fingers that bound up my wounds !'

'Yes,' she answered with an arch smile, 'you were ever an impertinent youth ; but my motto is 'forget and forgive.'

'Forgive my many faults dear cousin, but forget not those golden days which will never return ; but come my fair lily and the rose 'the glorious rose,' the swift-gliding sleigh waits your pleasure, and it is late, fashionably late. Muffle your face for the air is sharp as a knife, and 'the rays of moonlight are almost visibly splintering with the keenness of the frost.' It chills even me who have experienced the changes of many climates—who have felt the hottest air of the desert, and been ice-bound for months amid the gloomy solitudes of the polar seas.'

'Oh Edward ! I shudder to think of it, did you not suffer extremely ?'

'Nay Viola ! not much—though I occasionally wished myself anywhere else, but I had my comforts.

'In the desert a fountain was springing,  
In the wide waste there still was a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which spoke to my spirit of thee.'

They soon joined the gay group already collected—gay did I say ? they were not all gay, though they might have seemed so to a superficial observer ; but *there* was the languid step and weary look of satiety—roses wreathed the brow of care—jewels and glittering bands oppressed the aching head, and disappointed hearts beat 'neath the satin boddice. Among the shining galaxy moved the peerless Catherine, the centre of attraction, the observed of all observers. Her lavish smiles and flashing wit were merciless in their execution, and even Edward's head was almost turned by her fascinations. Viola too, escaped not without a share of admiration : there was something so lovely and new in her manners, such simplicity in her dress, and grace in her gliding step, that many eyes followed her, while she remained totally unconscious of observation. She danced from the mere love of it, and had no thought that any one could be watch-



ing her. Her spirits naturally joyous were raised by the excitement of the scene, and she moved and looked the embodied genius of happiness.

There was a pause in the dance, and Viola requested Edward to look for Catherine's shawl. He brought it, and she permitted him to wrap it around her, but soon threw it off, saying she could not endure it for the heat. They passed to the supper room, and the table was loaded with tempting viands. The temperate Viola took only a sandwich and drank nothing, but she saw with anxiety that her cousin ate of the rich cake and preserved fruit; and was raising a glass of cold lemonade to her lips, when she lightly touched her arm whispering 'taste it not Catherine, I beseech you!' 'It will not affect me,' she replied, 'I am used to it,' and quenched her feverish thirst with a copious draught. But a cloud was even then dimming the eye of the thoughtless beauty, the red roses forsook her cheek and lip, and her head bowed upon the shoulder of Viola. The messenger of death had visited that gala-throng, and to her only had he spoken, even there mid that scene of triumph marking her for his own.

They carried her home to her weeping mother, and laid her upon the couch which she left not till borne to the grave; though she awoke from that death-like fainting fit and lingered several days, during which the mind of the death-stricken girl was led to the contemplation of holy things, and she sought and obtained that peace which the world cannot give. She requested to see Edward, and taking his hand joined it with Viola's, saying, 'may you be happy together—I know you love him my cousin, though you have not yet acknowledged it even to your own heart. I sought to win his love from thee and become a thorn in thy pathway. Oh forgive me the sin, and may heaven bless you both with all needed blessings; and amid your happiness banish not wholly the memory of the erring but penitent Catherine. Mother! dear mother! rest my head upon your bosom, and let me hold the hand which would have led me in the right path, but I refused to follow. I have not been all that a daughter should, but I know you love me, and when I am gone your hearth will be desolate; but there is balm in Gilead for the deepest affliction, and He who calls me hence will be your comforter. It is hard for one so young to think of death with composure; to leave the pleasant

earth, and all who love us, for the still and narrow tomb, but heaven has so ordered it, and I pray for resignation—we must part here that we may meet hereafter—I see you no longer my friends—mine eyes are darkened—Viola! Edward! dear, dear mother, farewell!' Viola's tears fell fast, and she bent to kiss the wan lips already cold in death. A slight convulsion passed over the features, but quickly succeeded by an expression so soft and sweet, you would have thought 'she is not dead but sleepeth.'

'Like one who folds the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

Come hither ye seekers after pleasure! ye who are chasing the deceitful phantom which recedes before you—come to the grave of Catherine Howard, and learn to trifle not with health which is more precious than beauty; and that she, whose eye lights up with the smile of contentment at home, is far happier than the idol of fashion, or the brilliant coquette with her countless conquests.

Hartford, Jan. 11th.

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Christmas.

Original.

THE commemoration of great events, by appropriate ceremonies, has been sacredly regarded, by civilized and uncivilized nations, from the infancy of the world. This usage may claim, with much propriety, a divine origin. The numerous reasons which seem to authorize this opinion, may be traced in the history of the rise and fall of the civil and ecclesiastical dispensations of past generations. We shall presume so far on the reader's acquiescence in this belief, as to dispense with the introduction of any direct proofs, and proceed to a consideration of the relative claims of Christmas, upon a christian community, for commemorative observances.

While men have ever appeared eager to engage in celebrating the birth-days of their heroes, kings, and emperors, and have required a curb rather than a spur to their enthusiasm and expenditures, they have too generally seemed, since the writer's memory and observation, to regard the annual return of this day with coldness and indifference. Conduct so extraordinary, and but for the plea which we set up in its extenuation, we might add, *criminally* ungrateful, must have a cause. It will not do to argue the depravity of man's nature as the cause; it will not do to urge the inability of his heart for the



proper exercise of gratitude ; nor yet the feebleness of his understanding in appreciating the value of favors, and the importance of events. For see, with what devotedness of heart, and fervency of entertainment, he celebrates the birth-day of his earthly sovereign—his nation's benefactor—some great military achievement—a glorious political revolution—or the birth-day of his country's independence ! Such are not evidences of man's degeneracy, though it should appear that he does sometimes err in judging of the relative importance of events, and exalts what should be comparatively lightly esteemed, and sets too small an estimate upon that which is of transcendent value. If any considerable portion of the community should *refuse* to honor the Fourth of July, according to established usages, it would be justly inferred, either that they were absolutely opposed to the spirit of the occasion, or that they were but little interested in it.

But the reader may inquire, Are we to believe that the general extent of neglect, manifested towards this day, is to be imputed to an equally general prevalence of infidelity ? No one could regret more than the writer, to know, that the reign of scepticism was commensurate in our land with the spirit of apathy felt towards the services of our Christmas celebrations. There is another horn to the dilemma ; and though we gain but little in fixing our hold upon it, yet truth, we think, makes the demand. Though these facts do not prove that our christian public is absolutely opposed to the religion of Christ, yet they *do say*, we are lamentably destitute of a proper interest therein. It is the nature of man, to *feel* and *express* an interest for whatever is interested in his behalf. He must always *feel* and *manifest* an interest in, and gratitude for, events and individuals, in that degree, which he believes *his* interests have been, by them, received or advanced. How then shall we account for the want of interest manifested on the annual return of our christian festival ? Obviously because men are sensible, if they credit what has been taught them, that they have been, and *are* to be, but little benefited by it ! On the one hand, they have been made to feel exceedingly doubtful, whether they ever had any real interest in the event ; or if they had, that it might be realized at the endless expense of their dearest earthly friends ! On the other hand, although they have the assurance of an interest, in a *qualified* sense, in the great transaction, yet they have ever been made

to feel, that it was alarmingly *uncertain*, whether they would ever receive it ! The prospect of interest has been, upon all hands, so beclouded by doubts, prohibitory and reprobate decrees, and impracticable conditions, that very little interest has been awakened in the minds of the mass of men, for that event, which exhibits this dubious probability of benefit to their expectations.

Indeed, upon the more general belief, that this occurrence rendered man *liable* to a state of permanent degradation and perpetual suffering, whereas, without it, he would have but laid himself down in his death, with the beast, as maintained by Dr. Westly and his school fellows, men of minds and sensibility see greater reason for fasting, humiliation, and sorrow, on the return of this day, than for the services expected and required at their hands. True it is, that men *do feel* and *manifest* an indifference towards the celebration of the birth-day of Jesus Christ, while they are *alive* to the commemoration of the birth-days of Washington, Franklin, and the nation's independence ! And for this there must be a cause. Why are men thus alive with interest in the cases last mentioned ? Because, through Washington, Franklin, and the declaration of independence, they are feelingly sensible of having received, for themselves and their children, some of the greatest earthly blessings. Why do they feel, in a comparative sense, no interest in the birth-day of the Savior ? Because, through him, according to the creeds to which they have been required to bow, without reservation of confidence, they have no realizing sense of having received any benefit *here*, and are furnished with no immutable warrant, that their condition, in this respect, will be different in the world to come. Added to all this, they have been positively assured, that, by the advent of Jesus Christ, we have exchanged the prospect of *positive* annihilation for the *liability* of an endless existence of moral death and mental pain !

But how stands the case with those who, in truth and justice can be called christians ? By christians we mean such as believe Jesus Christ came for *something*, and in coming, has *accomplished* that something. There is, and there can be, no day, or event, of a degree of importance worthy to be named with Christmas, to all the children of mortality, except it shall prove that the christian religion is the most consummate delusion the world ever beheld ! Shall we speak



of celebrating a few conquests gained over the forces of a foreign despot, when the day has dawned on which was given to the world a Conqueror of death and the grave? Shall we mention the commemoration of an event, which proclaimed our emancipation from literal chains and political fetters, when the advent of him has blessed our world, who shall smite from our souls the manacles of sin, break the ponderous chains of satan, and raise from our necks the lacerating yoke of spiritual bondage? Shall we talk of the glory of achieving an inheritance of liberty for ourselves and posterity, when the birth of Him, who bringeth life and immortality to light, for all human intelligences, hath held the earth in astonishment? Shall we be proud of the wonders revealed in the visible heavens, by the instrumentality of a Franklin, when, through the Lord Jesus Christ, the incorruptible glories of the immortal and invisible world, have been revealed? Even an inheritance of the love, spirituality, and power of God, for all the posterity of Adam? Alas! how vain are all the events signalized by the pomp and festivals of men, compared with the occurrences of this day, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight years past! It was a day, honored not by the acclamations of mortal tongues—the blasts of the trump of earthly fame—nor by the murderous cannon's terror-awakening thunders; but by the shouts of the arch-angel, the anthems of celestial hosts, and the minstrelsy of the harps of God. Yes, that was an event, which cherubim and seraphim, and the bright company of beatified spirits, could celebrate in the presence of the Almighty, around the throne of his Omnipotent love, and in the paradise of his holiness and joy, till the sound of their raptures and heaven-born melodies had travelled down to our earth, and saluted the ears of the shepherds of Bethlehem with the accents of 'Glory to God in the highest! Peace on earth, and good will to men!' And the return of this joyful season, the past and the present year, on the first day of the week, has compelled the churches of the Redeemer TWICE to follow the example of the adoring myriads above, and celebrate the birthday of the Savior of the world! It is devoutly hoped, that this circumstance may be received as an admonitory hint, not soon to be forgotten, or neglected, that what angels can celebrate in the high heaven of the Creator's power and presence, should not be permitted to pass unregarded by the creatures of his footstool—espe-

cially as the inciting motive is a knowledge of extraordinary favors vouchsafed to them.

Upon the authority of holy Writ, be it known, that this day eighteen hundred and thirty eight years ago, was a festival in heaven! And should we presume to assert that such it has continued to be each succeeding year, to the present time, who has authority to gainsay the declaration? It was honored then, not by the flickering lights and meteoric illuminations of this lower world—but by the steady, pure, sun-like radiance of a star, a constellation in itself, rising from the chambers of light, and travelling forth as if eager to gain the zenith in the horizon of night, when suddenly, as if arrested by that power which of old, stayed the great fountain of day in his course, this new and wonderful adventurer in the paths of the skies, *stands still*, and gazes down in a flood of light, upon the manger of the new-born king of the world! And in the trail of its marvellous brightness, lo! a glorious band of wise men from the East, bearing offerings of treasures from the mine, the forest, the mountain, and the ocean, are seen rejoicing on their way, to worship at the feet of the infant Emanuel, and lay their gifts upon his humble altar of the ox's stall! An event, marked by such unparalleled prodigies of sublimity and good omen, must be worthy of special and universal regard, by all human intelligences.

That master spirit of conquests, who says to a nation of oppressed and down-trodden slaves, '*be free*,' and is heard and obeyed, deserves the full measure of that honor, which cometh from men; but he, who by the power of God, shall say to the silent nations of the dead, '*be ye free*,' '*arise in newness of life*,' merits that deathless honor which cometh from God only. Such is he, whose birth into this world was announced as we have described, by the bright hosts of the upper world. That man is unquestionably, in an eminent degree, a benefactor of his race, who, in seasons of peril and invasion, leads forth the armies of the oppressed to glory and victory, in an unequal and defensive war; but how much more so is He, who leads us forth to conquest over our passions and appetites, and every besetting sin? Truly has the wise man of Israel said: 'He that ruleth his own spirit, is greater than he that taketh a city.' He that was born king at Bethlehem in Judea, this day eighteen hundred years since, was a benefactor of the character last mentioned. He not only leads



men forth to victory over themselves, but over their enemies and the world. Battles, to which men are conducted by him, who was given to be a leader and a commander of the people, like charity, begin at home. When he has taught us the art of subduing ourselves, the first advance has been made towards the subjugation of all that may oppose. He that shall attempt the accomplishment of this part of the spiritual warfare of the Captain of our salvation, ere he has performed this personal preliminary—overcome himself—will find his labor in vain. The well fought battles of him who commands the spiritual forces of Mount Zion, possess the peculiar unction of transforming rebels, aliens, and strangers, into fellow citizens of the commonwealth of that heavenly city, which hath foundations, and whose builder is God. And this great commander, who shall conquer the world by his love, commenced his spiritual march over the nations of the earth, *in victory*. Yes, he began his career in conquest; and every subsequent step has been a victory. His goings forth, and his comings in are victories. He sitteth down and riseth up in victory. He advanceth and halteth in victory. Every evolution of his forces is a victory. His very *defeats* have proved to be *crowning* victories. In victory he was born—in victory he died—and in victory he rose to dominion and universal reign. It is in the spiritual and glorious conquests of this heavenly campaign, that the Prince of Peace lives, and moves, and has his being; and thrice happy is he, who has been a subject of his conquering power.

This warfare is with the heart—his engagements are with the affections. Other conquerors prevail by dint of the weapons of death, amidst confusion and noise, and garments rolled in blood, seizing upon the property and persons of their subjects, loading them with chains and immuring them in the damp dungeons. But Jesus conquers by his love—he possesseth himself of the heart and its affections, and binds them with the unyielding, yet joyous bands of faith, hope, and charity. Jesus comes not as other conquerors come. *They* move at the sound of the war trumpet, and the invader's challenge to battle—*He*, at the silent yearning of the broken and contrite spirit. *Their* approach is announced by the deadly clang of arms, the cannon's angry roar, and the groans of the wounded and dying—*His*, by the gentle whisperings of the small, still voice of love and peace. Jesus is a com-

mander who has supreme power; and one too, with whom this power may be safely confided. All power in heaven and in earth, hath been given unto him—that is—all *relative* power. All power to conquer by love—all power to triumph over death—all power to redeem from the grave—all power to save from sin—all power to reign in righteousness—all power to sanctify by the Holy Spirit—all power to overcome evil with good, and change the bitter cords of enmity into the soft, silken bands of fellowship, friendship, and truth.

Jesus, we have said, is a commander, to whom unlimited power may, with safety, be committed. Not so with other conquerors: The history of the world gives ample proofs, that her military chiefs, when invested with full command of the forces and resources of war, have too often shamefully abused the power with which they have been clothed; employing it for the gratification of their own ambition, the accomplishment of their own selfish ends, for the advancement of individual, rather than the public good; and not unfrequently, as a tremendous scourge of the very constituents of that power. But Jesus conquers for the world—he rules and reigns for the world—he commands the armies of the living God, for the everlasting good of the world—he laid down his life for all, that the world—the whole world—through him might live. This is the character of that Commander, whose birthday we would have commemorated, after the example of the holy angels. How awful in grandeur was that occasion!

Sublime was the shout which o'er Bethlehem rang,  
And grand was the moment when Gabriel sang—  
‘Glad tidings of joy to the world of mankind!’  
O hallowed the hour, with all nature at rest,  
When the guiding-star shone from east to the west—  
When news of the Christ swept from pole unto pole,  
While the anthems of heaven seemed downward to roll,  
And sages and wise men o'er his cradle inclined.

With commission from God the lost world to save,  
To redeem from all sin, from death, and the grave,  
And mortals prepare his perfection to know,  
Lo, Emanuel comes! all-powerful and just—  
Desire of all nations, their hope and their trust!  
He comes with the gospel of love and of peace,  
And his kingdom of joy and life shall not cease,  
Till the earth is released from its darkness and woe.

His heralds are called, his commandment received,  
Salvation abounds where the word is believed,  
And Satan's dominion portends a downfall!  
The deaf ears are opened, the weak are made strong,  
While the tongues of the dumb break forth into song;  
The blind receive sight, and with transports behold  
The wondrous things which their bards had foretold—  
And the dead from their slumbers come forth at the call!



The sun of redemption rides onward in might,  
The cell of the captive o'erflows with its light,  
And the heart of deceit it bares to the day !  
The leper is cleansed and the cripple made whole,  
The doubting have peace and contentment of soul ;  
The naked are clothed, and the hungry are fed,  
While the wanderer in paths of wisdom is led,  
And the sinful are taught, to Mount Zion, the way.

The faithful go forth in salvation arrayed,  
By the Spirit's sharp sword their foes are dismayed—  
Jerusalem yields and Samaria prays !  
Proud Rome stands aghast, and her temples decay,  
Her altars for sacrifice moulder away !  
From Thames to the Ganges and Euphrates' flood,  
Each city and hamlet own Israel's God,  
And bow to the sceptre Emanuel sways !

His conquering chariot shall never delay,  
Till all nations and realms prepare him a way,  
And the last enemy, death, shall powerless fall !  
Till mourning shall cease, and all sorrow and pain,  
And there throbs not a heart but owns his blest reign.  
How joyful this hope ! how sustaining its power !  
In its light may we live each subsequent hour,  
And feel that MESSIAH is indeed Lord of all.

The signs of the times give joyful encouragement, that the period foretold in the prophetic records, when the kingdom of our blessed Lord shall be extended over all human governments, is at hand. Let it not take us by surprise—let it not come upon us while unprepared to enjoy its brightness, and appreciate its glory. Let us arise in the power and spirit of divine grace, and in the language of one of nature's own poets, exclaim :

' Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise !  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !  
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day.  
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine  
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !'

Yes, he reigns till the last enemy of man is no more—he reigns till every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess, that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father—he reigns till he shall have reconciled all things unto himself—till human nature universal, is swallowed up in the divine, and God is all in all.

J. c. w.

#### A Female Infidel.

Original.

In our perambulations about the country, we frequently meet with strange things among our race. But among the strangest of the strange, I met a few months since with a *young lady who was an avowed infidel* ! This was something we never before met with, and what we apprehend, for the honor of the female sex, is rarely found. Such a character we believe is among the rarest productions of this country. The female heart is too warm, and the female mind too generous and elevated to be debased to the unworthy and chilling doctrines of infidelity. Infidelity is totally uncongenial with their feelings, and the generous and glowing emotions of every noble soul.

After discovering this case, I could not help casting in my mind, how numerous the reasons why females in an especial manner, should ever entertain a deep and abiding affection for christianity. What has it not done for their elevation in the world, and the securing to them their proper rank and influence in society ?

Look at the condition of females previous to the introduction of christianity ! In *all* countries, they were generally reduced to the condition of menials and slaves of the lowest grade, or shut up in harems, as they now are, in all countries where christianity does not prevail, merely to gratify the brutal passions of men. They were viewed as beings *destitute of souls*, and therefore, unworthy to enjoy the benefits of education, the respectful attention of the lords of creation, and fit only to be their slaves, and to be used as their caprice or passions might dictate.

How different their condition in christian countries ! Instead of being slaves, they are almost lords. Instead of being trodden under foot, they are received and cherished as companions and equals, or bowed down to as superiors by the other sex. Instead of being sold at the will of parents as would best promote their interest, they are the arbiters of their own destiny, and the other sex sue at their feet for their favor and hands. Instead of being viewed as beautifully fashioned, but *soulless* lumps of clay, they are looked up to almost as a superior order of beings, and the utmost attention is given to their intellectual cultivation. Schools are erected in abundance for their especial benefit. Instead of being deprived of all influence in society, they almost con-



trol its manners and customs. Such is their condition in all christian countries, while in all others, they are trodden under foot as in past ages.

To what then, can the improvement of their condition be attributed, but the influence of christianity? How much reason then, have females to be faithful to the claims of christianity, and receive and cherish it with affectionate regard, as their best and truest friend. To it they are indebted for all the privileges they enjoy and their present standing in society; and it does appear to me, the female who will rise up against this religion, and use her influence to unsettle or overthrow it in the minds of men, is a traitor to her sex. She does all she can to bring her sex back to their condition in a state of barbarism.

Such a person moreover, is an object of unmingled pity. She is doomed to a life uncheered by the light and warmth of piety and religion; to dwell amid the chills of endless night; to wander up and down this changing and inconstant world, unsupported by the hopes of religion, and finally to lie down in the land of eternal forgetfulness, no more to rise. Her soul is chilled and benumbed by the cold, dreary and unlovely doctrine she has embraced, the ardor of her affections destroyed, and a cold, unfeeling stoicism spreads its blight and mildew over all that renders woman lovely. She is like a tender plant exposed to the frosts of winter, blackened by the frozen hand of death; an object over whose unhappy fate the benevolent cannot but drop the tear of pity.

D. F.

*Norridgewock, Me.*

#### Woman at the Cross of Christ.

Original.

BY MISS N. THORNING.

THEY who had listened to his words had fled,  
For terror was around, and darkness deep  
O'er all the land her covering mantle spread;  
And the earth trembled; and from their long sleep  
The dead awoke; and strong hearts shook with fear,  
As flowers are shaken when the storm is near.

Yes, they had fled—they who had seen his power,—  
They who had seen the dead at his command  
Rise from their darksome grave, in that dread hour  
They from their Master fled, and o'er the land  
Were scattered, e'en as sheep without a guide.  
Yes, in that hour man left the Savior's side!

And what, had friends all fled in that dark hour  
Of bitterest agony, when death was nigh?

And did all flee before the Jewish power,  
And were none near to see the Savior die?  
No friend to gaze upon that form in death,  
To note the final words, the passing breath?

Yes, woman still was there; meekly she knelt  
Beneath his cross, and raised her eyes to Heaven,  
And prayed for strength, and in her heart she felt  
That more than mortal strength to her was given;  
A strength which by its deep, o'er mastering power  
Sustained her heart in that dread, solemn hour.

And it was well that woman thus should kneel  
In silent anguish, there on that sad spot;  
'Twas well that she should teach her heart to feel,  
And know its task, and then forsake it not;  
Forsake it not—though death itself was near,  
And others paused in terror and in fear.

She might not flee, for o'er her heart a spell  
Was thrown, which bound her to that place of fear;  
She might not flee, e'en though the solemn knell  
Of death was heard, and hostile bands were near;  
For there, with a full confidence in God,  
She humbly knelt, and kissed the chastening rod.

Dark forms and stern stood round the fatal tree,  
And words of vengeance rose upon the air;  
And it was strange amid those forms to see,  
The fragile form of woman, meekly fair,  
Rise like a star in tempest hours to guide  
The midnight wanderer to his loved one's side.

And Oh, may woman ever thus be found  
Still strong in hours of danger and of fear;  
And Oh, when clouds and darkness gather round  
Her mortal path, still may that faith be near,  
Which bade her linger where the Savior died,  
That love, the spell which bound her to his side.  
*Charlestown, Mass.*

#### The Purpose of God.

Original.

IN His mercy and great goodness, the Ruler and Judge of the world has promised to bless our dependant race, and this blessing was to be in Christ, in the turning of every one away from his iniquities. He has not only promised to bless a sinful and a fallen world, but He has also willed that world's salvation. The Savior says, 'And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all he had given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.' Add to this the fact, that power was given to Christ over all flesh, and we have the fullest assurance, that the salvation of every intelligent creature is willed by God. And it is the fixed design and purpose of the Almighty to effect what he has willed and promised, and his hand is stretched out to accomplish his pleasure, which is the entire ransoming of his children from darkness and the grave—crowning them with holiness and bliss.



*This*, then, is the purpose of God—to destroy sin, and make holy and happy his intelligent creation, and to effect this is his hand stretched out. And shall this purpose be frustrated, and God's hand be turned back from effecting the salvation of his children? Is not God all-wise, and all-powerful?—and can any creature either in heaven or on earth, successfully oppose him in the designs he has formed? Look around upon the earth, ye that doubt God's ability to accomplish his good pleasure! Turn your attention to the mighty works he has accomplished, and the wonders he has performed, and tell me if you can doubt longer! Do not the everlasting mountains speak of the might of the hand that formed them? Does not the mighty ocean with its wonders proclaim the omnipotence of him, who holds its waves within the hollow of his hand? And does not the roaming cataract, on whose awful front he has placed the rainbow, and bade its floods 'chronicle the ages back, and notch his centuries in the eternal rocks,' tell of the Almightiness of the great Jehovah?

God being Almighty in power nothing can successfully compete with him—no being can subvert a single principle of his government, or render null and void his law. No creature—angel or arch-angel, can turn back the hand of Omnipotence when once it is stretched out. They might as well endeavor to snatch the pillars from underneath his throne, and bury in ruins the habitations of eternity!

Darkened and superstitious minds may tell of war in heaven—of a battle's being fought in the courts of the Eternal—of the defeat of a dissatisfied and rebellious angel of light—of his flight from heaven, and his gathering strength from defeat—that he is now in possession of a formidable host, and successfully wages war against Almighty God. But we would rather believe that he who can dash a world from existence at a nod, and who has created thousands at a word, can execute his purposes—that his counsel shall stand—that his will is the arbiter of the world—that he doeth his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and that none can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou? We would rather believe in that revelation which is the truth of God, than in the lore of gray tradition, and the mysteries of dark ages. We would rather believe that God's purpose cannot fail, and in so doing have a foundation for a hope full of immortality, than to be-

lieve they can be frustrated by any creature, or by any power, and thus become mourners, bereft of that which supports the soul in every period of trial and affliction, and in temptation's darkest hour.

We envy not the situation of him who worships a weak and powerless divinity—who bows down at the altar of prayer, and asks for blessings with a doubting heart—who has no confidence in the God whom he pretends to reverence and adore—who is driven to and fro upon the 'waves of life's uncertain sea,' a prey to gloomy doubts and idle fears—a wanderer even among his kindred and kind—a weeper in a land of smiles!

There is a balm in the thought that God's purposes are sure; but there is something horrible in the idea that they can be and may be frustrated and rendered of none effect—something that rolls a flood of grief upon the soul—placing a viper at the heart to tear with its monster fang, the very life away. Oh! if there is any thing that will rejoice the soul of man, it is the belief that the purposes of God cannot be disannulled—that nothing can defeat him in his designs, nor compel him to alter any plan he has formed. There is something in such a belief for the weary in a desert land to lean upon—something to which the afflicted may flee, and find comfort and repose. It affords a firm and an indestructible basis upon which we may rear the fabric of our hopes—it is as a rock of refuge—as a cooling spring in the midst of burning sands—as a haven of rest to the benighted and wayworn pilgrim!

A. C. B.

*Victor, N. Y.*

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#### The Better Promises.

Original.

BY REV. H. BALLOU.

'But now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also he is the mediator of a better covenant, which was established upon better promises.' *HEB. viii. 6.*

THE inspired apostle endeavored to instruct the Hebrew christians to understand that the law covenant, and the ministry of the priesthood under it, were but shadows of the better covenant of the gospel of Christ, and the more excellent ministry of Jesus under it. The ministry of Christ is more excellent than that under the law; the covenant of Christ is better than the law covenant; and the promises of the better covenant, are better promises than those which were



made under the law. Christians of the present day need not to have these facts proved by a labored process of reasoning, for they are familiar with them. But the Jewish converts in the apostle's day, were much encumbered by the force of tradition, with an attachment to the rituals of the first covenant, which was not compatible with the rights to which they were entitled as believers in Jesus, the mediator of the better covenant.

The object of this article is to lay before the christian reader, the peculiar characteristics of the better promises, that wherein they are better may be understood.

We may first ask what was promised under the law, and what were the conditions of what was promised? These questions are fully answered in the xxvi. chap. of Leviticus. See verse 8. 'If ye walk in my statutes, and keep my commandments, and do them,' &c. Here follows what the Lord promised the people if they obeyed his commandments. That which was promised wholly related to temporal blessings. There is not the least intimation that by obedience the people would secure to themselves any blessings beyond this mortal state. See verse 14. 'But if ye will not hearken unto me, and will not do all these commandments,' &c. Here follows an account of the various and grievous punishments, with which that people were to be visited if they disobeyed the commandments of God. Though it seems that no sufferings on earth could be greater, than those here specified, it is certain that there appears no intimation that any of these sufferings extended beyond this mortal state. The reader would do well to open the bible and read the whole account; and when thereby convinced that nothing beyond this life was either promised or denounced, it would be well to consider the question, whether it be reasonable to suppose that if God constituted men in this world probationers for the future, eternal state, he would specify the rewards and punishments of the present life only, and give no account of those which belong to the future state?

We may now look at the better promises contained in the better covenant of the gospel. Heb. vi. 13—20. 'For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself, saying, surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee. And so, after he had patiently

endured, he obtained the promise. For men verily swear by the greater; and an oath for confirmation is to them an end of all strife. Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath; that by two immutable things, in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before us; which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the vail, whither the fore-runner is for us entered, even Jesus, made an high priest forever, after the order of Melchisedec.' The promise to Abraham, to which the apostle referred is several times recorded in the scriptures. See Gen. xxii. 17, 18. 'In blessing, I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand which is upon the sea-shore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.'

Here let us duly notice the following particulars. 1. What was the blessing promised in the seed of Abraham, to all the nations of the earth? This is clearly indicated in the passage quoted from the apostle. This blessing embraces the fulness of that inheritance, which is laid hold of by that hope, which is an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast, and which enters into that within the vail, whither the fore-runner even Jesus hath entered. 2. Who are the heirs of this immense promise? They are all the nations of the earth. See Gal. iii. 8. 'And the scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the gospel unto Abraham, saying, in thee shall all nations be blessed.' 3. Why was this promise confirmed by the oath of God? The true answer to this question is thus stated, in the passage quoted from the apostle; 'that we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.' 4. On whom does the fulfilment of this extensive promise depend? Answer, on him who made it. The Lord told Abraham what he himself would do, and what should be done to all the nations of the earth in the seed of Abraham. 5. Were there any conditions proposed, either on the part of Abraham, or on the part of the nations, on which the fulfilment of the promise depended? There were none.



Now then let us compare what was promised in the law covenant with what is promised in the better covenant of the gospel. In the former, temporal blessings, and temporal blessings only, were promised; but in the latter, that immortal inheritance is promised, which the hope of the gospel of Jesus Christ embraces. The law covenant was conditional; the gospel covenant is unconditional.

Following the passage which heads this article, the apostle says, 'For if that first covenant had been faultless, then should no place have been sought for the second. For finding fault with them he saith, behold the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt; because they continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord. For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel, after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts; and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people; and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord; for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest. For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.'

The student, who wishes to understand things as they are, and who would be able to decide certain questions, about which different views are entertained in our times, would do well to ask why the new covenant is less faultless than was that of the law? By a suitable attention to the scriptures, which have been here quoted, he will learn, that all the blessings which were promised under the law covenant were temporal, and conditional; but that those promised in the gospel covenant are spiritual and eternal; and also, he will rejoice to find that these spiritual and eternal blessings are promised unto all nations, and are unconditional.

A MAN in humble life, if he be a philosopher, may smile upon the importance which some arrogate to themselves on account of an exalted station in the world's eye. The differences of condition are inseparable from the very nature of society itself.

#### The Crown of Life.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THERE'S a crown for the monarch, a golden crown—  
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,  
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,  
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems.  
They've rifled the depths of Golconda's mine,  
And stolen the pearls from the ocean brine;  
But the rarest gem, and the finest gold,  
On a brow of care lies heavy and cold.

There's a crown for the victor, of lotus-flowers,  
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers;  
And the golden hearts of the nymphæa gleam  
From their snowy bills, with a mellow beam.  
They have stript the breast of the sacred Nile,  
And ravished the bowers of the vine-clad isle;  
But the sweetest flower from the holy flood,  
And the vine, will fade, on a brow of blood!

There's a crown for the poet, a wreath of bay—  
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay.  
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,  
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.  
They've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,  
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;  
But a fadeless wreath, in vain they have sought—  
It withers away on a brow of thought.

There's a crown for the christian, a crown of life,  
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife.  
'Tis a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,  
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.  
They've gathered its rays from sources afar,  
From seraphim's eyes, and Bethlehem's Star;  
And the flow of its light will ever increase,  
For a christian's brow, is a brow of peace. [Trumpet

#### The Church of Christ.

Original.

EPH. v. 25-27: 'Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.'

EVERY one who has humble ideas concerning his character for christian excellence, and sincerely admires him who was meek and lowly of heart, would not wish a fellow mortal to suspect that he cherished the pharisaical pride that seems to say: *Stand by, for I am holier than thou art!* Indeed it becomes not a disciple of Jesus, the beautiful and holy pattern of humility, to arrogate to himself superior moral goodness, and base on this a title to peculiar privileges. Spiritual pride is not one of the christian graces, and boasting of virtue was never applauded by our Divine Master. He, by example and precept, has taught us that we owe to the holy influences that God spreads around us, all the excellence of character we possess, and gratitude to him would better become our lips, than the words of



boasting before men. Christ was humble, and felt that his Father's love was impartially over all; heaven forbid that we should be proud, or limit the goodness of the Beneficent.

It is painful to hear the remarks that are sometimes made in references to the members of the associations we call churches, as though the very act of becoming a member seems to say that they are better than others, and in a peculiar manner belong to the church of Christ. This is wrong; the object of a minor church, is not to make a nursery for spiritual pride, nor to teach some that they are better than their neighbors; it were better that it were annihilated if such were its objects, for it would be no aid in forming christians. But its object is, to make us feel more our indebtedness to Christ—our connection with him as the head of the church universal. The more we feel this, the more we shall love him and his cause; and the more we love him and his cause, the happier and more useful we shall be in life.

We fear that many do not understand our ideas concerning churches—that they imagine we foster the time-honored, but erroneous notion, that the church of Christ only embraces the believing and holy, and consequently it hath but comparatively few members. If this were true, Christ would not have died; for he gave himself for the church, to redeem it from iniquity, and he gave himself for all, to be testified in due time.

There are families of a few members, and there is the great family of all. In speaking of those families of few members, we do not deny the existence of the great family which embraces all. So with churches; there are churches of a few members, and there is the church that embraces all; and in forming and in speaking of churches of a few members, we do not deny the existence of the church which embraces all. When we speak of the family of God, we embrace every created child of the universal Father; and when we speak of the church of Christ, we embrace in a like manner all humanity. And as there are many blessings that flow from forming and preserving families within the great family, so much good results from forming and preserving churches within the great universal church.

There are many tender associations that serve to unite and happify the union of members of a family; by this union they are led to take a deep

interest in each others welfare—the social spirit is preserved, and love makes them charitable and forbearing. They guard from abuse and destruction whatever mementos of love may have been left by departed friends, and they keep them sacred as the great mass of society never would. How often is the portrait of a virtuous and noble brother thus preserved through generations, and many hearts are incited to gain a like excellence of character. So with churches; they serve to unite believers more closely together, to form a common interest, preserve the social spirit, and afford means of spiritual improvement that cannot be had without association. They preserve the sacred memento of our elder Brother's love—they guard it as sacred to his memory, and honor it as the great mass of society never would. The great moral of his death—the hallowed associations that linger around the close of his career on earth, are kept alive in the memory, and great is the amount of good thus secured to the world.

Let me be understood; christian churches are regarded as associations for mutual improvement in christian graces, and for the commemoration of the Lord's Supper. As such associations, they have a perfect right to devise, as seemeth good, such regulations and rules as may be needed to further their design in associating together—as much so as any other moral society. But being a member of such an association does not entitle them to any claims to peculiar holiness—it gives no one a right to suspect them of cherishing spiritual pride; it is only a token of a professed desire to avail themselves of the privileges connected with the church, and God only knoweth their sincerity.

We now proceed to consider the positions laid down in our text. 'Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word; that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.' Here several important particulars are introduced to our attention; 1. The Church; 2. The state of the Church; 3. Christ loved it in that state; 4. He gave himself for it to sanctify and cleanse it; and 5. It shall be a glorious church, holy and without blemish. These we shall consider, as they afford us just notions concerning the church of Christ, and correct many errors prevalent in the religious world, and moreover give us a blessed assurance



that the vast family of man shall finally be sanctified and cleansed.

Our attention is to be directed first to what constitutes **THE CHURCH**—*the church of Christ*. The popular notion is very well known; that regards it to be the company of believing and righteous disciples; therefore the church must necessarily be very, very small. However much it must oppose this opinion, yet the scriptures recognize *all for whom Christ died*, as being members of his church. We know that such an opinion is startling to many, but we shrink not from God's truth; it is true that all for whom Christ died belong to his church, the church he loved, the church he will cleanse and sanctify, the church he will make glorious, holy, and without blemish.

The testimony of the pure word of sacred truth is abundant and clear on this point; the argument of the text should be sufficient, but other scripture is at hand. Let us listen to the author of our text in this same epistle—in allusion to the power given Christ he says: 'And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.' Here the church is called the body of Christ; and it becomes us to inquire, who compose this body? This is answered by 1 Cor. xi. 3: 'I would have you to know, that *the head of every man is Christ*; and the head of Christ is God;' from which follows the conclusion, that every man is a member of the body of Christ, which body is his church. The argument of our text is directly to the same end; that sets forth that, *Christ loved and gave himself for the church*; and did he give himself for only a certain few? for only a very small portion of the human family? We answer by authority of the oracles of God, No; he gave himself for *all*—he tasted death for every man, and therefore his church embraces all.

We see this truth still clearer in considering *the state of the church*. Was it holy, sanctified, and pure? This is the common opinion, but the apostle does not favor it. Our text declares that it was unsanctified and unclean; for that which is already sanctified and clean, needs not to be sanctified and cleansed; and the apostle emphatically asserts that Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, *that he might sanctify and cleanse it*—present it to himself a glorious church,

not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but holy and without blemish.

Earth cannot hold such a glorious church; while men linger amid the scenes of this besetting world, there will exist spots and blemishes to defile their moral beauty, and the bright courts of heaven alone have inhabitants without blemish, perfectly holy. Perfection is no plant of earth; it blooms only in the paradise of God, in the light of the glory of immortality. The church of Christ is not yet pure, sanctified and holy; and he that by the power of the resurrection can sanctify and make glorious a few, can sanctify and make glorious all. '*As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.*'

We have now learned that the church of Christ embraces all, and that it is represented as being unsanctified and unclean; let us now consider that in that impure state Christ loved the church, and this love led him to give himself for it. They who would circumscribe his love to a few, know but little of the depth of his affection for the human race. He loved the world—he labored and suffered, and he died for the world; and this is the powerful reason why the world of mankind should love him, and through him praise the adorable Father. 'There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.' He loved and gave himself for the church; he loved its members, and died for them, while they were in an inglorious and unsanctified state, and he loves them still—he watches over them with the same tender affection—he still exerts the power given him of the Father to do them good, and he will ransom the all for whom he died, and who were sold under sin. *They whom Christ has once loved, he can never hate*; for he is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. He undertook the glorious mission of reconciling all to the Father; all were given him, and power over all flesh added; and in the fullness of times he will present to himself, and give up to his Father, the church universal made glorious and holy.

It was for this he gave himself; he loved the church, though he loved not its uncleanness; even as the parent loves the sick child, but loves not the disease. Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it, and present it to himself a glorious church. It was by his death that he was induc-



ted into the office of Mediator ; and as he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one, he is not ashamed to call them brethren ; and he will bring them to the home of the Father into one common happy brotherhood.

The argument before us is now plain and to the point ; thus : Mankind are the church of Christ, and are sinful ; he loved, and gave himself for them ; his love would sanctify, cleanse, and make glorious ; and he will accomplish the work, and universal holiness be the happy result.

What is the lesson taught us by this subject ? It is that we should love and reverence the Lord Jesus, and seek for more of the sanctifying power of the truth. For as the washing of water removes uncleanness, so the influence of the word—the teachings of the gospel, on the heart, is to cleanse and purify it from moral defilements, and sanctify, or make holy. To us there is a fountain opened, and happy for us will it be if we seek its purifying and healthy waters ; if we there wash away all sin and uncleanness, earth will be fairer, and heaven nearer to our vision, and our confidence in the unchanging love of our better Friend will be strengthened and increased.

All means that have a tendency to aid us in the work—to animate us to the cultivation of holy affections and devout desires, should be improved by each individual. Heaven will assuredly smile on all associations that aim at this end—that desire to remove the spots, wrinkles, and blemishes, that defile the moral beauty of the human character, and endeavor to make man more like the head of the church universal. It is a good work, in which men may engage, and for the furtherance of which they may associate together, with honor.

The love of Christ is presented by the author of our text as an example to husbands, and is no less eloquent to wives ;—‘Husbands love your wives, even as Christ loved the church.’ Christ’s authority over the church was given by his love of the church, and it is a generous and devoted love that alone can give the husband honorable authority over the wife ; he that exerts other authority, heeds not the examples set before him, and degrades himself. How constantly devoted to the good of the church he loved, did Christ live ; how self-sacrificing was his course ; and every page of his history, even unto the death, tells the depth, strength, and devotedness of his love.

Beautiful is the example ; would that copyists were more common, and its worth more widely felt ; then much harshness, wretchedness and desolation would be removed, and happy the homes now miserable. ‘Let every one so love his wife even as himself ; and the wife see that she reverence her husband.’ ‘But there can be no reverence without love ; and when that flame is permitted to go out on the domestic altar, all that makes home inviting and pleasant will soon vanish, and neglect, petulance, and passion reign there.

All of us need more of the spirit of the Savior’s love ; more of the disposition of generosity and forbearance ; and more of the benevolent desire to promote the quietude of others. Oh that we might study more his history ; feel the beauty of his life ; and be animated to pursue more strictly the path of honorable duty—adorn our doctrine, and glorify the Father, by cherishing the interests of religion and virtue in the world around us, by the exercise of a generous sympathy, by bearing with patience the trials of duty, and meeting with fortitude the afflictions that visit us.

*E. Cambridge, Mass.*

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#### The Test of Faith.

Original.

THE apostle James says that ‘Faith without works is dead.’ Are we duly sensible of this fact, or do we suppose that it is enough to call ourselves christians, and subscribe to the doctrines taught in the bible ? We also read that ‘Faith works by love.’ If we have no love, we have not a living faith ; and if we have love, we shall bring forth fruits answerable thereto. How shall a man’s love be proved, and how shall we judge of his faith ? How shall we know that he possesses love to God ? The scriptural test is—‘By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren ;’ and also, ‘If any man say I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar.’ We may therefore, conclude that whatever a man’s professions may be, he is not in the faith while he indulges in envy, hatred, ambition, and indifference to the welfare of others. If by this rule the christian world were to be judged, how few should we find who gave any demonstration of their faith.

It is very easy to profess a belief in the Son of God and in the bible. ‘The devils believe and tremble.’ It is popular to profess the christian faith—it may be conducive to our own inter-



est to do so ; but such a profession can be of no possible virtue unless our lives and conversation conclusively show that we have been with Jesus. Unless we are born of the spirit, we shall never give such evidence ; but, on the other hand, 'all our righteousness will be as filthy rags.' I do not understand by the last quotation that works are of no consequence, for works are the outward sign of our inward faith ; yet the man of sin may perform the same manual exercises in which works consist, from the most impure motives. When I speak pleasantly to my neighbor because my heart overflows with good will to all mankind, I do a work of faith, acceptable in the sight of heaven ; but who does not know that in many countries, the art of affecting good will is taught as science, because by that means we may make our way in the world and be termed 'finished gentlemen.' When a humble friend calls to see me, and I feel disposed to be kind to him, I will ask him to call the next day and dine with me. The man of fashion may give the same invitation because the laws of politeness require it, and the world acknowledges that he is a *gentleman*. He performs this act, in itself good, in order that he may appear to advantage in the eyes of his fellow-creatures. God is not glorified by such an act, but the worldly lusts are administered unto. Human pride is nourished and maintained, but the principle of peace receives no support.

There are many also who like the scribes and the pharisees, treat those whom they love after the manner of men with kindness. This is all well ; but it is not an act of faith, and has no connexion with the love of the gospel, which is kind without partiality, and which breathes over all God's heritage, as free as the gales of heaven. It is in vain for those who are not baptized into the spirit of universal love to profess to be christians—for how can they be christians when they do not even realize what christianity is ? What should we think of the man who professed to be fond of a certain fruit, when it was well known that he had never tasted it in his life. It is the same with the unregenerated man who calls himself a christian. The only difference between him and the atheist is that the latter is candid while the former is a deceiver. 'No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost'—and therefore no man who has not been baptized with the Holy Ghost can profess to be-

lieve in the truth of christianity without betraying his hypocrisy.

All that was necessary to constitute a christian in the days of the apostles was, a belief that Jesus Christ was the Son of God. When the Ethiopian eunuch desired to be baptized, Philip said, 'If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest.' No more is required to constitute a christian, in modern times, than was required then. If any man believe with his whole heart, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God, he must of necessity be a christian—but it must be a belief of the heart, otherwise it would avail quite as much to believe that Pompey was taken off by assassination. No man *can* believe that Jesus was the Son of God, who does not experimentally know in what that Sonship consists. So far from believing, he cannot even understand what is meant by being the Son of God. All that the natural man can conceive of sonship is the relation which a son, according to the flesh, bears to the father. There was, of course, no such relation between the Creator and Jesus Christ. He who has not become a new creature, born of the spirit, and made partaker of the divine nature, can never believe in christianity, because he does not know what christianity is. The bible is to him a sealed book, the seals of which none but 'the Lion of the tribe of Judah' can open to his understanding.

ARNO.

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#### Religion.

#### Original.

IT is the favorite theory of unbelievers that religion is an invention of priests, for the purpose of imposing upon the fears of mankind, through their credulity, and thus keeping them in subjection. The practice of the ecclesiastics has given a degree of plausibility to this mode of reasoning ; but the pretence is still so flimsy that I wonder how it could ever have led astray one thinking and dispassionate being. That religion should primarily have been an invention of priests is about as rational a supposition as that chemists invented chemistry ; and that the laws of composition and decomposition were of their framing. Chemists and other philosophers may have made use of the natural laws by which the elements are wrought upon in order to deceive those who are ignorant of them ; and in their pursuits of the philosopher's stone they no doubt



made many discoveries which to the unlearned assumed the appearance of supernatural productions; and man is so fond of power that it is not strange if they encouraged such fancies for the purpose of rendering themselves an object of veneration and fear to their less profound fellow-creatures.

Let us look at a few facts. Men in various ages have stepped forward as the promulgators of new systems of religion. I will not draw a distinction between the true and the false prophets; but let us see how far they *invented* the principle of religion itself. Moses was one of the first who inculcated a regular system of belief. He taught that there was one God—the Lord of all the earth, and the Creator of all things. The ten commandments which he professed to have received from the great First Cause are certainly calculated to benefit society, when strictly adhered to; and have received the sanction of wise men of all ages—but of them I will not now speak extensively. Did Moses invent religion for the purpose of aggrandizing himself and his friends? Certainly not. Who was more wroth than Moses when the children of Israel took advantage of his absence to rear a golden calf for the purpose of worship? Moses then did not teach them to worship their gods of metal and stone. All that he did was to give a direction to their worship—to divert it into another channel. What is more certain, then, than that he did not invent religion among the Jews. How far back shall we go to discover the man who first gave to his fellow-men the idea that they must worship something? Shall we go to the Egyptians? Their history will throw no light on the subject. A dependance on supernatural power—the reverence of the gods may be traced through all their history; but where is the man who originated this feeling of adoration? From Moses we pass on to Jesus Christ. In his day, religion was held in high respect among the Jews. What shall we say of Mahomet? The faith which he taught has but little claim to originality—it is principally made up from the religion of the Jews. The Indian tribes of North America, when first discovered, possessed a belief in one Great Spirit, and in life beyond the grave. I have visited several Islands in the Pacific Ocean. Every family had a small wooden god around which they danced and sung hymns of praise. Did the priests first teach these poor natives that there were beings

superior to themselves, who had claims upon their worship and religious veneration? If so, the priests must have been, throughout the world, not only a very influential, but also a very *numerous* class of men—and who first taught the priests to lay hold of this peculiar means of increasing their own consequence and furthering their own ambitious purposes? How happens it that priests of Egypt, India, Africa, Europe, North America and Polynesia, all happen to stumble on the same plan of operations; and how happens it that they have continued it regularly for thousands of years? Is it because this kind of delusion addresses itself to one of the principal weaknesses of human nature? Agreed. You may call it a weakness if that name suit you best. But it is, nevertheless, a principle in the soul of man, of which long experience proves that he can never rid himself. All other principles are weak when compared with it; and it is only by fighting against nature, that we strive to overcome it. Why not call every other principle in the human breast a weakness? Why not call the love of man—the love of offspring, and the admiration of all that is great and noble, mere weaknesses? Have we, by nature, one single desire that can be justly termed a weakness? We know that the inordinate indulgence of many of our inclinations is a weakness, but when indulged in moderation, all our appetites are productive of good.

Even religion may become a source of evil by an inordinate use of it. But this needs explanation. The spiritual and material world are separate. We have reason and natural instincts to govern our connection with material things, and we degrade religion when we bring it down from its proper sphere to mingle with those affairs, those feelings, and those appetites which belong to the animal or bestial part of man. Religion is for intellectual beings, and not for beasts; and as man is compounded of spirit and animal natures, it behooves him to keep the line well drawn between, lest religion degenerate into mere superstition. It is this perversion which introduces gods made of wood and stone—outward forms and ceremonies which may be achieved by the body while the mind remains corrupt and unregenerate. This has also given rise to the idle tales about the re-appearance of dead men upon the earth, who have come to tell where money is buried, or on some such frivolous errand, beneath the dignity of religious



belief. Let us rather strive to discover the legitimate means by which God holds intercourse with his creatures, through the conscience and his word. Let us content ourselves with his religion, and not degrade the majesty of Divine Truth by the foolish devices of man's invention.

#### The Sailor's Hymn.

Original.

'Tis NIGHT ; and ocean's vast expanse  
Is wrapt in silence deep,  
And calm and still the waters lie,  
As in profoundest sleep ;

'Tis night, the hour of prayer and thought,  
And on the deep mid sea,  
The heart goes back to its sunny home,  
The home of childhood's glee ;

Its feelings rise in fervent prayer  
To Him, whose power can guide  
The sailor on the billowy deep,  
Home to his loved one's side.

And from the heart's deep founts I've pray'd  
For blessings on that home,  
Where love shines bright for one whose fate  
Is o'er the seas to roam.

And O, when storms have raged around,  
And livid lightnings flashed,  
And thunders roared, and threatening waves  
Against our frail bark dashed ;

Then, then a thought of home and friends,  
Came with a strengthening power,  
A thought that from that home the prayer  
Was rising that dark hour.

Oh when the heart is sad and lone,  
'Tis sweet to think of those,  
Whose love o'er all our mortal path,  
A cheering radiance throws.

Perhaps they move in festive halls,  
In pleasure's airy train ;  
While I am tossed by raging storms  
On the resistless main.

But O, I know that still e'en then,  
A thought will often wake,  
Of one whose heart is linked to theirs,  
By ties they may not break.

And when around the social hearth,  
Are gathered home's loved flowers,  
A prayer is breathed for one whose steps  
Are far from those bright bowers.

Oh storms may rage, and billows roll,  
But still I'll not despair,  
For well I know that heaven will hear  
Affection's fervent prayer.

And still I know that God is just,  
His power is ever near ;  
'His name, his nature is all love,'  
Then why, why should I fear ?

Charlestown, January 1838.

We publish the following for the beautiful moral it conveys, which in many ways may be profitably applied.

#### Bishop George and the young Preacher.

AN aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty five miles since morning, his pulse throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained by one who had recognized the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his Master's sake of the benefits himself had received from the hand which feedeth the young lions when they lack ; and he had travelled on refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile he had journeyed over since then, and as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavy upon him, and he desired the pleasant retreat he had pictured to himself when that day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxiously looked for haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he applied for accommodations for himself and horse.

'I don't know,' said she, coldly, after scrutinizing for some time the appearance of the traveller, which was not the most promising, 'that we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night, will let you lodge with him.'

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequentially swaggering up to the old man, examined him for some moments inquisitively ; then asked a few impertinent questions, and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smoothly shaven chin as often, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel, entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted, and led his faithful animal to the stable, where, with his own hands he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there that day, great preparations



were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited, so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the frivolity and foolishness of a beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshment had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddle-bags a well-worn Bible, he seated himself in the chair, and was soon buried in thought, holy and elevating, and had food to eat, which those who passed him by in pity and scorn, dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn-down traveller to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Toward eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer, hastily threw off his clothes, and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partly disrobing himself, knelt down, and remained for many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of this duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself, got into bed, or rather upon the edge of the bed, for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not voluntarily move an inch. At length the younger of the two made a remark, to which the eldest replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two, and made more room.

'How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?'

'Thirty-five miles.'

'From where?'

'From Springfield?'

'Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age.'

'Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travel, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much.'

The young minister moved over a little.

'You do not belong to Springfield then?'

'No. I have no abiding place.'

'How?'

'I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears.'

Another move of the minister.

'How far have you travelled on your present journey?'

'From Philadelphia.'

'From Philadelphia! (In evident surprise.) The Methodist General Conference was in session there a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?'

'It adjourned the day before I started.'

'Ah indeed!—moving still farther over towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger better accommodation. 'Had Bishop George left when you came out?'

'Yes, he started at the same time I did; we left in company.'

'Indeed!'

Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

'How did the Bishop look? He is getting quite old and feeble, is he not?'

'He carries his age tolerably well. But his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength.'

'He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the old man—how far did you come together?'

'We travelled alone for a long distance.'

'You travelled alone with the bishop?'

'Yes; we have been intimate for years.'

'You intimate with Bishop George?'

'Yes; why not?'

'Bless me! Why I did not know that! But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?'

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—'George.'

'George? George? Not bishop George?'



'They call me Bishop George,' meekly replied the old man.

'Why—why bless me! Bishop George'—exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed. '*You have had no supper!*—I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?'

'Stop, stop, my friend,' said the bishop, gravely, 'I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were got for me. If an old man, toil worn and weary, fainting with travelling through all the summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is at the best but a man, and has no claims beyond those of common humanity.'

A night of severer mortification the young minister had never experienced. The bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him, of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart, and direct him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the bishop prayed with him long and fervently before he left the chamber; and was glad to see his heart melted into contrition. Soon after the bishop descended, and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the bishop, taking up his saddle-bags, was preparing to depart.

'But surely, bishop,' urged the distressed matron, 'you will not leave us. Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table.'

'No, sister L——, I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor toil-worn traveller worthy of a meal, and your bishop has no claims but such as humanity urges.'

And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not rise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio Annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon; and bishop George was to be the presiding bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the Conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening, as the bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. ——— was announced, and he requested to be shown up.

He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful inquiries, and found that since they had met before a great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble as he was before self-sufficient and worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child, even upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.

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#### Illustrations of Scripture Figures, and Allusions to Oriental Customs.

##### Original.

IT HAS been our aim in continuing these illustrations to show how important a knowledge of oriental manners and customs is to a thorough understanding of the scriptures. We hope our labors thus far have done a little towards this end, and believing that a continuation of them will be useful and interesting to our readers, we shall from time to time add to the number of illustrations.

XXX. Ex. xxiii. 19. 'Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk.'

THIS, like many other of the commands recorded by Moses in reference to minor duties, referred to superstitious customs among the heathen. Writers on ancient customs inform us that the ancient heathens took a kid, after they had gathered the fruit of the fields, and boiled it in the milk of its dam, and then with superstitious mummary went about sprinkling all their trees, vines, &c., with the liquid, in order to make the field, tree, or vine bring forth more abundantly the next season. By the prohibition in the verse quoted, the Jews are forbidden to make use of these magical and foolish rites, but at the season of in-gathering render thanks to the Giver of all good.



XXXI. LEV. ii. 13. 'With all thy offerings thou shalt offer salt.'

SALT was used in all the offerings and at the making of covenants, as it was an emblem of friendship and fidelity. Salt thus used when an agreement was made by two parties, gave to the contract the name of a *covenant of salt*, and such a name reminded all concerned that their covenant was of a most solemn and obligatory nature. An eastern traveller thus notices one of the common uses of salt; a person desired the friendship of the traveller, and when this person was departing from the temporary home of the traveller he briskly stopped on the stairs—called to one of the domestics of the house, and requested him to bring him *some bread and salt*. They were brought, and taking a little salt between his fingers, and putting it with a mysterious air on a bit of bread he ate it with a devout gravity, assuring the traveller that he might now rely on him.

XXXII. NEH. vi. 5. 'Then sent Sanballat his servant unto me, *with an open letter in his hand*.'

To ordinary readers there would be nothing to remark on such an expression as the one quoted—'with an *open letter* in his hand.' But this conveys to one acquainted with ancient customs an idea of the deep contempt which Sanballat cherished towards Nehemiah; for sending an *open letter* was a direct and gross insult. Letters for distinguished persons were rolled up, sealed, and often enclosed in costly bags, and thus sent to them; and no circumstance could be more expressive of contempt—utter disrespect toward any individual than the transmission of a letter unsealed and unrolled.

XXXIII. ISAIAH lii. 7. 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!'

THE imagery of this beautiful passage is borrowed from the custom of the ancient Jews in reference to the proclamation of favorable tidings to the people during a period of trouble. The messenger of the good tidings with fleet step starts for his home, and soon as he reaches the top of some prominent mountain the watchmen descry his appearance, and the shout of gladness soon echoes from hill to hill, sending its thrilling joy to every expectant heart. 'Zion's God reigneth!' was enough to tell each one of victory and bliss, and bade them give glory to

their King. The apostle Paul applies similar language to the preachers of the gospel. Rom. x. 15.

E. Cambridge, 1838.

ED.

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#### Sweet Meditations.

Original.

PSALM civ. 34. 'My meditation of him shall be sweet; I will be glad in the Lord.'

SUCH is the devout feeling of every soul that has lifted its affections up to the great Beneficent, and with the Psalmist exclaimed—'Thou art my Father, my God, and the Rock of my salvation.'

Pleasant will ever be our meditations of him while we retain correct ideas of his character and dealings with the children of men, and throw from us those dark and contracted views of his operations, that lead us to contemplate him as designing ultimate and eternal evil as the portion of some of the creatures of his power.

What is it that can make our meditations of God in nature pleasant to the heart, and cause us to be glad in the Lord, even amid the dreariness of the year's decay? It is the sweet remembrance that his spirit will breathe over the desolation that now reigns around us, and returning spring will unlock the streams from the icy fetters with which winter hath bound them, and clothe the earth again in its gay vesture. Though with the poet we may now say—'The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,' yet sadness is not the predominant feeling that reigns in the meditative mind—there are sweet thoughts blended with the melancholy of the season, for as the mental eye stretches forward to that which is to come, the heart is made glad in the Lord, as it remembers his kind guardian care.

And thus it is with right meditations of him that ruleth over all wherever we trace his operations; the decay and melancholy of autumn remind us of the disappointment and evils of life, and our meditations of these, as of the other, may be sweet, if we blend the agency of God with them—if we regard life's evils as coming from him that bestoweth the mercies that cheer us in our pilgrimage, and testify of his goodness. By sorrow faith is strengthened.

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HE who examines and elucidates History, will never fail to serve up a choice dish to his hearers, and confer a lasting benefit to community.



## Notices.

**MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE, UTICA, N. Y.** This truly excellent periodical has commenced a new volume since our last was made up, and we desire to call attention to it as every way worthy the patronage of the friends of truth and godliness. We can use no qualifying phrases in speaking of the excellence of this as a truly religious work, imparting in the course of a year a vast amount of useful, interesting, and valuable reading. There is no weekly periodical in the denomination that is its superior in imparting knowledge of the christian doctrine and inciting to practical obedience. It is conducted by Rev. A. B. Grosh, with E. H. Chapin as assistant editor, both unwearied in preparing a welcome visitor for their patrons each week. Br. Grosh holds a bold, yet cautious, independent, yet courteous pen, and is ever faithful to the high duties of his editorial station. Could we do as we wish we could, the next mail should carry him a long catalogue of paying subscribers. The price is exceedingly low, as the paper is a large size quarto and good, and the typographical part is uniformly excellent. To mail subscribers, the subscription is \$1 50, paid in advance, or within three months. Success to the Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate! A copy can be seen at this office, where subscriptions are received.

**THE BIBLE—A LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.** A sermon delivered at the Dedication of the Universalist Meeting House, in Warren, Mass. Dec. 28, 1837, by M. H. Smith. We have been gratified by a perusal of this sermon, which is devoted to an able 'vindication of the claims of the bible to the appellation of a light in a dark place.' Text, 2d. Peter, i. 19. Our thanks are tendered the author for a copy. It is here proper to mention the removal of Br. Smith from Haverhill to Salem, Mass. He has commenced his labors in the latter place, and the worthy society at Haverhill is left destitute. This is a society of devoted and intelligent believers, whose praise is in all the churches. We hope they will soon obtain an able minister of the New Testament, devoted to the work, who shall long abide with them in mutual confidence and love.

**CONVERSION IN THE MINISTRY.** We are exceedingly pleased in copying the following 'communication to the public' from the Trumpet.

MR. EDITOR; Anticipating as I do to publish my reasons for rejecting the popular dogma of *eternal night*, which I have for many years strenuously advocated, I shall only trouble your intelligent readers at this time with one fact, namely, *I believe in the eternal salvation of all the human family.*

EDWARD N. HARRIS.

Malden, Jan. 22, 1838.

Mr. Harris was highly prized by the denomination of Baptists as an able minister and upright man. We hail him as having entered a better field, and we welcome him to the brighter hopes, the more gladdening visions, and soul rejoicing aspirations of the doctrine of universal and eternal love. May he be clothed with great power to bring many from the darkness from which he has been delivered, and cause thousands to be glad in the joys of the great restitution.

**THE PALFREYS.** This work has succeeded in gaining the good opinion of hundreds of readers by its *amiableness*. It has had a good circulation, but *not the circulation it deserves among the denomination of Universalists*. The greater part of those sold, have been distributed among other orders, and we are thankful that it has thus received their favor. We again ask attention to *The Palfreys*, and desire the ministers of our faith, to extend its circulation. Various commendations have been bestowed on it in the secular papers, and private communications in its behalf, have been numerous.

**EXCHANGE PAPERS.** We have received not a few miserably printed, torn, and soiled papers from those we exchange with. We have been told that such is the fashion in many offices, but we must decline to be thus served. We send none but perfect copies—we have no others, and those who cannot afford a decent copy of their papers for us, will please let us know it. We want no more miserably printed, torn, or soiled papers.

**AN EARNEST WORD TO DELINQUENTS.** Bills to a large amount were sent in the Nos. for last month, and we request each delinquent to give the call immediate attention. From three to four thousand dollars are owed this establishment, from delinquents, and it may be judged how large is the number of these. It is too bad to be treated as publishers are, when their profits are so small, and they are necessitated to depend so much on the honor of subscribers. And we do feelingly appeal to those who are indebted to us, and ask the honorable thing. At the end of this volume, (May) we shall make out a list of all those persons who have been written to, and who have paid no attention to our letters. Common courtesy would dictate some kind of a reply as due. But such as thus serve us, we shall publish to the world, and cross their names from our books.

AGENTS who have moneys in their hands for our office, are requested to transmit immediately. We want money!

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** We have a large number of communications on hand, for which we have as yet had no room.

Correspondents are earnestly requested not to write so close and fine, as to make a magnifying glass necessary to read their manuscripts easily. Some write so close as to make it difficult to decipher what they have written. A little more generous allowance of paper, and a little more care in respect to penmanship, would save us considerable trouble.

### BLACK LIST.

JAMES CUTLER, Nashville, Tenn., owes \$7; J. S. CUTLER, Petersham, Mass., owes \$2 50; J. M. TRUE, Bangor, Me., owes \$3 50.

### Letters containing Remittances received since our last, ending Jan. 25.

J. A. A., Leyden, \$3; I. F. B., Springwater, \$3; M. S., Attleboro, \$2 50; S. B., Salina, \$10; T. C. E., Dunkirk, \$11; H. S. K., Broad Brook, \$2; W. H. K., Shrewsbury, \$45; D. F., Norridgewock, \$30; M. B. N., Amsterdam, \$2; A. C., Homer, \$2; M. H., Levant, \$2; A. B. G., Utica, \$100; P. A. R., Marblehead, \$7 17; W. W., Lempster, \$2; J. B., Springfield cross Roads, \$5; I. C., Concord, \$2; S. L., Chester, \$6; P. P. H., Poughkeepsie, \$3.



# When evening o'er the silent hills.

ANDANTINO.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff with treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTINO'. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

When ev'n - ing o'er the silent hills Her pen - sive shade has thrown, And  
 ai - ry spi - rits lull the hour With mu - sic's mel - low tone;  
 'Tis sweet to wander through the scenes That blest our ear - ly days, And  
 light the torch of coming years At Fan-cy's ge - nial blaze.

2

For then, fond memory draws the veil  
 That o'er the mind is cast,  
 And holds to view the pleasant dreams  
 That have, forgotten, past;  
 While hope, with sweetest smiles adorn'd,  
 Allures the wistful eye,  
 And bids us turn to visions bright  
 Of future destiny.